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Moulton, W. Fiddian b. 1866  
James Hope Moulton





**JAMES HOPE MOULTON**







*Photo by J. Porter, Manchester.*

*James Hoppe Moulton*

# JAMES HOPE MOULTON

*BY HIS BROTHER*

William Fiddian Moulton

With a Foreword by the  
RIGHT REV. BISHOP RYLE  
Dean of Westminster

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TO  
HAROLD AND HELEN  
IS DEDICATED THIS  
ATTEMPTED RECORD  
OF A  
SACRED LEGACY



## PREFACE

THERE are certain obvious drawbacks attaching to Memoirs, or Appreciations, written by relatives ; and no one is more conscious of that fact than I am. The only plea I would put forward in extenuation is that a greater drawback would have been risked if the book had not been written by me—namely, that it might not have been written at all ! And so I risk the drawbacks rather than leave my brother's many friends without any record, however imperfect, of his life or estimate of his personality and influence.

I have not attempted anything in the way of a detailed chronicle, partly because it would have been practically impossible to do so, and partly because it would have served no particularly good purpose if it had been done. I have chosen rather

to attempt, with such detachment as I could achieve, an estimate of his life, work, and disposition; and I have tried to supplement, and where necessary to correct, my own vision by that of those who saw him from other angles. When all is said and done it is a question of angles: there is no divergent evidence as to fact. A wondrous unanimity, a glowing uniformity, pervades all the many tributes paid to him in East and West; and when they have been poured into the common stock of memories, those of the inner circle have recognized in the tribute from the outer circle the same James Hope Moulton that they saw in the more intimate life of the home. Indeed, to him the world was an extended home, and the race a wider brotherhood; and he was what he was because this was so.

I would express my deep sense of indebtedness to the Dean of Westminster for his generous appreciation of my brother. Dr. Ryle conducted the funeral service of the father; it is fitting that words

of his should accompany the memorial to the son—his pupil and friend. I would also tender grateful thanks to Sir J. G. Frazer for permission to quote from private letters written to his friend. Dr. Rendel Harris and Dr. A. S. Peake have, as usual, been suggestive, helpful, tender—have been, that is to say, themselves. My brother was indeed to be congratulated on the inner circle of his friends.

*May, 1919.*



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## FOREWORD

J. HOPE MOULTON's death has made this life poorer through the loss of a devoted scholar and student, a fine character, and a strong and forceful influence.

My recollection of him goes back to the early days when he was a young and enthusiastic scholar at King's College, Cambridge. I made his acquaintance soon after he came into residence, and I remember being greatly impressed by his earnestness of purpose, his splendid diligence, and his sympathy with different aspects of College life. He was a keen athlete, a fine runner, and an ardent lacrosse player. He was a good classical scholar, and threw himself into the special study of philology and of Sanskrit with glorious energy.

More especially, I can recall the interest

which he always showed in the Sunday afternoon gatherings which used to be held in my rooms, and at which the presence and conversation of Dr. Westcott (afterwards Bishop of Durham) were an especial attraction. Moulton was always an eager and earnest debater. He was at that time deeply interested in modern social questions. He amused us sometimes by his impatience with any appeals and references to the thought or usage of earlier centuries of Christendom.

He was a diligent student of the New Testament in the Greek. Later on, he did some minute and most laborious work over the references in the Revised Version of the Bible. Whatever he took up he threw into it intense seriousness of devotion.

I watched with deep regard and admiration his steady advance into the front rank of modern New Testament philologists; and the enthusiasm of his investigations into Oriental religious thought has been the means of inspiring many a younger student.

I may say I had a very great affection for him. He was always occupied in things that mattered; always full of interested and eager inquiry about things religious. His love for his father was, moreover, one of the most attractive features in his character. I felt there was nothing he would not do to please or help that great and good man, the late Head Master of the Leys School.

H. E. RYLE.



# James Hope Moulton

## I

### RICHMOND

#### *The Family Stock*

It was well within sight of the buildings of Richmond College that the life of James Hope Moulton took its first beginning on October 11, 1863. He came of a stock so saturated with Methodist traditions that it seemed to belong to the fitness of things that he should have been born under the shadow of a great Methodist institution. Right back to the ministry of Wesley himself there had been a direct succession of preachers in the family, which started with John Bakewell, the writer of the justly famous hymn, 'Hail, thou once despised Jesus!' When Bakewell

removed from Derbyshire to Greenwich he had as an assistant master in his school a brilliant young Irishman named James Egan; and in that home Wesley was an honoured and frequent guest. He quickly realized the existence of a close attachment between Mr. Egan and the clever daughter of his friend; and with all the authority which was so readily conceded to him by his devoted followers he said to Mr. Bakewell, 'Let the young people marry; hand the school over to them, and go thou and preach the gospel.' He himself joined this gifted couple in holy matrimony. John Bakewell went forth to preach, dying at the age of ninety-eight in full possession of his faculties; and the Egans took on the school. It was their daughter who married the first William Moulton, who, although a Churchman by upbringing, came under strong religious conviction among the Methodists and ultimately entered the Methodist ministry in 1794. Three of his sons followed him into that same fellowship, of whom James

Egan Moulton was the eldest ; and he is the one who concerns us here, for he was the father of Dr. W. F. Moulton, of The Leys ; Dr. J. E. Moulton, of Sydney, N.S.W. ; the Right Hon. Lord Moulton of Bank, K.C.B. ; and Dr. R. G. Moulton, of Chicago—the father and three uncles of James Hope Moulton.

On his mother's side there was the same devotion to the cause of Methodism, although the connexion was not so long-standing. Samuel Hope was a member of a clan famous over the border, and of that branch of the clan which had risen to great distinction in Liverpool. But convictions are awkward things, and Samuel Hope relinquished the prospect of a fine position in the family bank in Liverpool, faced the social ostracism which was so often the Methodist's lot in those days, and took up a career which meant a life of comparative poverty to the end. He rose to an honoured place in the Church of his choice, becoming what was practically the General Secretary for the Home

Missions, and ultimately retiring to Guernsey with shattered health after leading a forlorn hope in a south country town, where he saved Methodism from collapse at the cost of his own life. He died a year after he reached the peaceful island home in the sixty-third year of his age, and the fortieth of his ministry—figures destined to reappear in the epitaph of the distinguished son-in-law whom he never knew. The fact of the Rev. James Egan Moulton being sent in 1853 as superintendent to the Guernsey Circuit, where Mrs. Hope and her family continued to reside, brought together two young people who, after an engagement of six years—a length of time necessitated by Methodist rule—entered into a hallowed union and set up that

happy home where two in heart united  
In holy faith and blessed hope are one,  
Whom death a little while alone divideth  
And cannot end the union here begun.

The facts of earlier family history have

been dwelt upon because they seem to predestinate my brother to the course which afterwards he chose. And when on his marriage the Osborn and Keeling strains came into the family to reinforce those of the Moultons, Hopes, Fiddians, and Egans, there was formed a Methodist heritage extensive and rich in all those things which go to make up well-being.

Amid the absorbing interests, the crowding cares, the multiplied distinctions which came upon him in later years, Dr. W. F. Moulton never lost the aroma of those Richmond days which constituted the first epoch of his ministerial life, and which have their intimate relation to this sketch as constituting the first sphere of my brother's life. On the first draft of the 'stations' for 1858, William F. Moulton was down for Blackburn, but Benjamin Hellier, of sainted memory, contended that one who had won such distinction at London University in classics, mathematics, and Hebrew, was meant by Pro-

vidence to be a tutor, and the Conference took that view, sending him as assistant to Mr. Hellier at Richmond. For four years he occupied those rooms in the central tower of the college buildings which have sheltered so many men before and since who have been assistant tutors at that college before going out to careers of usefulness and distinction in the wider spheres of Church life. In 1862 came his ordination, at which the candidate standing next to him was Peter Mackenzie—a juxtaposition which speaks volumes for the true catholicity of the Methodist ministry—and then his marriage and settlement in a home of his own. The years that followed were years of supreme happiness both at home and outside. He loved his work, and those for whom he worked showed—show to this day—grateful appreciation of his efforts. Amid all the stress of college work he was untiring in his pulpit ministrations, and an entry in his diary during 1862 reads as follows: ‘For the third time in three months I had to

walk twenty-three miles on Sunday, preaching three times ; but I am all the better for it.' He was supremely happy in his friendships, and much might be said as to the close intimacy with the families of Mr. Barrett, who was Governor for most of the time, and Mr. Hellier ; and this intimacy belongs to the life of two generations, for while the tutors cherished a warm esteem for each other there was a happy camaraderie between the children ; and in all this fellowship the students belonged to both groups—honouring their tutors and spoiling their children ! We have a sketch in our possession by Miss Hellier representing the ' Molten Images ' in a perambulator, and Mr. Hugh Price Hughes wheeling it. This cannot be historically true, for the interval of three years between us renders it unlikely that we should occupy that chariot at one and the same time ; but it is near enough to the fact. I once had the audacity to refer to the sketch at a public meeting during Mr. Hughes's Presidency. As soon

as the not unnatural laughter had subsided he ejaculated, ' Well, that only shows how soon I began to push my brethren forward ! ' For an impromptu that would be hard to beat.

Another reminiscence of those years calls for special mention in this particular year (1918-9), for it was in my father's study that Dr. Stephenson in 1868 first unfolded his ideas as to what became afterwards the Children's Home, and received the encouragement, guidance, and unwavering support from his tutor which counted for much in confirming him in his purpose.

### *Early Life*

It was amid such surroundings and under such influences that James Hope Moulton grew up as a boy. There are current certain legends that my gifted brother lisped Greek at three, and passed from accidence to syntax before he was five ; and although no one is asked to accept these as sober statements of fact, they are

at any rate suggestive of the truth. He was no infant prodigy ; on the contrary, he was a very human being from the first : but, nevertheless, the instinct for studiousness and the acquisition of learning manifested itself unusually early, and became richly fruitful at an age when the majority of boys have found no time to be serious, save concerning sport. He had the priceless advantage of good eyesight, the lack of which had debarred his father from all games, and he took his full share in any form of recreation. Quite early he showed predilections in two directions where afterwards he manifested more or less outstanding ability. One was preaching ; and never in later years did he address more decorous congregations than those chairs which constituted his congregation in our Richmond dining-room on Sunday afternoons in the early seventies. The other was music ; and before he left Richmond, aged eleven, he had composed an oratorio on the subject of Jonah, which contained among other numbers a bass solo delivered

by the prophet from within the whale—an effect quite worthy of Wagner! His schooling in those early days was in the hands of Mr. Edward Rush, the father of Mr. C. E. O. Rush, the tutor so dearly beloved by successive generations of Cliff College men. In his Northampton days Mr. Rush had taught our two uncles, and both of them are ready to bear witness to his great ability as a teacher. Now at Richmond—and later, for a short period, at The Leys—the next generation were under him, and two of our school-fellows there were Sidney Rupert Hodge, who afterwards came on to The Leys, and Mr. W. Vogel Goad.

But in 1874 there came an upheaval. For several years much earnest consideration had been given to the question of higher education in Methodism, and the problem of how best to retain the young people of our privileged families. The removal of ecclesiastical tests from the universities gave a great impetus to the movement, for it meant facing the question,

‘ How can we secure for the sons of Methodism the advantages of the ancient universities without endangering their attachment to the Church of their fathers ? ’ While all agreed that something must be done, there was considerable difference of opinion as to the line which should be taken. Some were in favour of the foundation of a public school, others of a Methodist hostel in connexion with the University. Ultimately the committee reported in favour of a school, the Conference accepted its findings, and at Camborne, in 1874, Dr. W. F. Moulton was designated as the first head master of the school that was to be. He had been associated with the inquiry from the first ; he was convener of the committee appointed to report upon the matter ; and yet, such was his innate modesty that until a few weeks before Conference he had no idea that he would ever be brought into close relationship with the school. Indeed, at the previous Conference, when presenting his report, he laid down that the post must be made

attractive enough to secure the services of a first-class man ; and all the time he was unconscious that his Church was looking to him as most likely to meet the very requirements which he himself had outlined. We find him writing to Dr. Westcott in the autumn of 1874 : ‘ For myself, I shall go as a matter of obedience. I don’t think I am the man for such responsibilities, and no allurements would have induced me to undertake them. Now, however, I am pledged, not indeed to succeed, but to do my best.’ His brethren had designated him, and he went in January, 1875.

The Richmond days were ended, and with them the preparatory period of J. H. Moulton’s life. What follows falls naturally into three main periods, each with its own geographical centre, and each closed with a great sorrow. Firstly, Cambridge—the formative period, 1875 to 1902 ; secondly, Manchester—the citizen period, 1902 to 1915 ; thirdly, India—the missionary period, 1915 to 1917. Of course there are phases of his life and experience which do

not belong exclusively to any one period. Such matters cannot be shut up in water-tight compartments. But for general purposes this differentiation will hold good.

## II

### CAMBRIDGE

#### *Schooldays at The Leys*

IN the natural course of things, being just about twelve years of age, James Hope Moulton formed one of that little group of boys that gathered at The Leys for the opening of its first term, and there he stayed until he entered the university on his nineteenth birthday. It was at the school that he laid the foundations for his later achievements in scholarship ; it was there that he formed his friendships, which were of a very lasting character ; and it was there that he first felt and gave himself up to those spiritual drawings which afterwards became the ruling factor in his life. No one could possibly have thrown himself more heartily into the life

of an institution than he did. Things literary, scholastic, athletic, musical, religious, scientific, social—all claimed and won a place in his scheme of life, and all received a measure of enthusiastic attention; but it was those among them which were the most serious which attracted him the most, and it would not be too much to say that in the best sense he took serious views of life unusually early. He only accomplished what he did accomplish by dint of strenuous and unremitting application, and thereby he laid the only possible foundation for the abounding service of later years. There comes to mind a striking indication of the trend of disposition, the more significant because so largely unconscious on his part. When he was fifteen he began sending contributions to the *Leys Fortnightly*, the magazine of his school. It is immaterial that the subject was ‘Milton’s Minor Poems,’\* though that may be reckoned as an unusual type of subject for the first printed

\* See p. 197 for the reappearance of the subject.

effort of a boy of fifteen. What does matter is that this, like all his contributions to that magazine, bore the signature AGAN.\* At an age when to so many the world is a playground and life a game, he intuitively dropped upon a *nom-de-plume* betokening strenuousness of effort ; and he remained AGAN to the end. On the football-field and on the track he ran fast, very fast ; in the sanctuary he sang lustily, very lustily ; on the cricket-field he bowled very fast, with a curious action which made things awkward on a bad wicket—and with a hostile umpire. At lacrosse, of which he was very fond, he could race round most of the ‘ fields,’ and sometimes, perhaps, used his speed when it would have been better to pass the ball. Wherever he was and whatever he was doing he was intense and strenuous about it all ; he played many things—very many, anything, indeed, that came his way—but he never played at anything, and this note was

\* Pronounced Agan. AGAN, ‘ Adv., *very much* : strongly affirmative.’ Liddell and Scott.

characteristic of him throughout his life. Indeed, one kind and discerning friend, a seasoned Anglo-Indian who entertained him several times at Bombay in 1915-7, considers that, had there been less pace and more deference to the obstacles presented by the trying Indian climate, he might have lived through the strain of one more day in that open boat, and have landed at Calvi with his dearly loved friend, so much his senior.

It was only to be expected that his religious life would manifest the same characteristic of intensity and strenuousness, but not perhaps that this would manifest itself quite as early as it did. Two entries in his diary for the winter of 1877, when he was just fourteen, reveal a degree of deep spiritual longing not often to be met with at that age ; and it is noticeable that in his voluminous diaries, crammed full of the incidents, great and small, for forty years of his life, the only field where he makes frequent pauses for reflection is that of inward religion. On October 11

he writes: 'This is not only my birthday but the third anniversary of my spiritual birth.' And on November 25: 'I have had a great joy, in common with the angels of God above. God has granted me that inexpressible privilege of being an instrument in His hands for the salvation of ——. It is the first time I have felt the peculiar joy of being instrumental in bringing a fellow creature to the full knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.' Even two years prior to these entries his diaries—far less full and sustained—are punctuated with heartfelt and passionate desires for the salvation of individuals mentioned by name. In this also the child was the father of the man; and those who knew him only as a scholar, and perhaps feared him as a critical scholar, knew only part of his nature, and possibly never guessed that such a passion for evangelism could be united with profound learning in the fields of grammar and comparative religion. Already he was looking out with wistful earnestness to-

wards the mission field ; for on one of the many occasions when the Rev. David Hill visited the school I find an entry—June 28, 1881—in a diary : ‘ Talked with Mr. Hill about my missionary wishes.’ In December, 1881, he preached his first sermon, one Sunday afternoon, in the little Wesleyan Chapel at Waterbeach, the village which will always be remembered as the sphere of C. H. Spurgeon’s first pastorate. Strange to say, those diaries, which are so full of details of miscellaneous doings, omit to mention the text taken on that interesting occasion ; but inferences from other passages would point to its having been Heb. ii. 1.

### *University Life and Influence*

His academic distinctions had already begun. In the London matriculation list in June, 1881, his name appeared sixth in the Honours list ; and in January of the following year he won a £70 open scholarship in Classics at King’s College, Cambridge. The double lines of academic

honour went on side by side through the B.A. and M.A. stages, but in the end the London D.Lit. stood without any corresponding Cambridge degree to balance it ; for although three other universities conferred upon him the Doctorate of Divinity, the fact of his being a Nonconformist constituted a statutory bar to his receiving a similar distinction from his own university—a disability recently and reluctantly removed in the teeth of bitter clerical opposition.

It was during that period of strenuous study that another influence came into his life which counted for yet more, but about which little must be said, partly because so much might be said. In 1884 there came as Superintendent of the Cambridge Circuit the Rev. G. R. Osborn, the son of the famous Dr. Osborn, who had been the colleague of Dr. W. F. Moulton at Richmond. The friendship which rapidly grew up between the brilliant young classic and Mr. Osborn's elder daughter ripened eventually into a union of uninterrupted

blessedness and joy which lasted for twenty-five years ; and although Methodist rules necessitated a somewhat lengthy engagement, as in his father's case, J. H. Moulton worked on under a new inspiration from 1885.

In November, 1882, Moody and Sankey conducted their memorable mission in Cambridge, and my brother's diaries contain warm appreciations of their meetings. He was present at that meeting when, for the only time in his career, the great evangelist was refused a hearing by an audience of rowdy and reckless undergraduates ; he was also present two nights later when the evangelist had his revenge—gracious and holy—upon an audience hushed and submissive, scores of whom surrendered to Christ while Sankey sang 'Sowing the Seed' in his own inimitable fashion. My brother's fellow collegian, A. C. Benson, has described the impression left by those missionaries on his own mind and heart in a remarkable passage in *The House of Quiet* ; and the description is of lasting value, as revealing

the nature of the impact of such preaching upon one brought up in so different a religious environment. The son of the Wesleyan Manse naturally felt himself more at home in such services than the Anglican Etonian. He always looked back to that mission as to an occasion of singular spiritual power and awakening, and while he would have given a cordial assent to Benson's striking analysis of Moody's method of appeal, he would not have stopped short where he did, for to him the man who could thus 'probe the secrets of the innermost heart' was the man who could best bring him 'out into a place of liberty with the tenderness of a true father in God.'

To many it may have been a foregone conclusion that he would enter that ministry where so many of his relatives had found their vocation, but no one who knew him could imagine his being influenced by such considerations if an 'effectual calling' had been absent. He entered that ministry not because they had done so, but because the same spirit

which had made them preachers of the gospel filled him; and for that reason, and for no other, he had no choice but to go. During the spring and early summer of 1886 he went through the ordinary tests demanded of all aspirants to the Methodist ministry, whether gifted and privileged or not. The Circuit, the District, the Connexion, all have their particular organs for testing candidates; and through all the tests he emerged as might be expected, conspicuously successful. The London Conference of 1886 designated him as assistant to his father at The Leys, in succession to the Rev. Edward Brentnall, who had occupied the position for three years, and in this post he remained until he went to Manchester in 1902, although after Dr. Moulton's death in 1898 the nature of his appointment somewhat altered.

This composite post—ministerial, educational, and quasi-academic—was a magnificent opening for him; and, it may be added, for others as well, for James Hope Moulton always gave what he got, and

only got in order that he might give, of the riches of learning. It is doubtful whether he realized the advantageousness of the situation at the time. He would sometimes look out wistfully at wider fields, wondering whether he was doing the best with his life by staying at The Leys. 'Here I am,' I remember his once saying to me, 'nearly forty, and have not done a thing! Why, father was on the New Testament Revision Company before he was thirty-six!' But it is easy to see—especially so for him now—that that formative period was of priceless value, and that the rich and brilliant usefulness of the later career was conditioned by it. It is probably not claiming too much to say that incessant collaboration with his father was in itself a liberal education. His yearning for Christian service at home, his passion for Foreign Missions, his ever-deepening devotion to Greek Testament study—these and the many other factors in his spiritual make-up were distinctly traceable to the fact of his having enjoyed

peculiarly close association with his father at just the most susceptible period of his mental development. So far as his school duties were concerned, there is no small degree of truth in the frankly expressed opinion of one who knew him intimately and loved him warmly, that he was not a great schoolmaster, on the ground that 'his primary interest was not in the boys he taught but in what he taught them.' When he had to do with pupils like Percy B. Haigh, F. W. Hasluck, Harold Mattingly, and others, whose brilliance as schoolboys has been fully sustained in their later careers, then the double interest in the boys and the subjects made his work a joy to him ; but it must be admitted that on the ordinary schoolmastering side he was not in his element, that the normal duties were somewhat of a burden to him, and that had it not been for the conditions amid which his life was passed and the very happy relations with his colleagues, he would have felt the burden intolerable.

Once he received a tempting offer to

change his sphere during his father's lifetime. His old college tutor at King's, J. E. C. Welldon—now Dean of Durham, formerly Bishop of Calcutta, and afterwards Dean of Manchester—was for a few years head master of Harrow, and he earnestly but unsuccessfully urged him to come and take up a fifth-form mastership there.

In a warmly appreciative notice in the *Manchester Guardian*, Bishop Welldon refers to this offer, and puts down the refusal to the conflicting claims of scholarship and schoolmastering, adding that possibly my brother was right in deciding that if he was to do his best work it must be under other conditions than those of school teaching. Yes, he was right, but that was not his primary reason for acting as he did. A Harrow mastership would not have been compatible with the sphere which he had deliberately chosen for himself, that of the Methodist ministry, and he was not disposed to relinquish that for any of the blue ribbons of the teaching profession. Of course it may be said that Conference

would probably have placed no barrier in the way, and would have regarded him as a minister without pastoral charge ; but he had a true and certain intuition as to the difficulties involved. However fair and generous the head master would have been to him, there is little doubt that the major portion of the Harrow constituency would have felt itself affronted by the appointment of a Dissenting minister to the staff—a layman might have escaped notice—to a degree that would not have been the case with an avowed Agnostic. Sooner or later the position would have been intolerable, and it was probably best for all concerned that the offer was not accepted. As it was, he continued for sixteen years in a post which, although less distinguished than that which might have been his, was one of great usefulness, and afforded him singular advantages.

After all, Cambridge *is* Cambridge, and the two great ancient university towns have a charm and interest peculiarly their own. In that life James Hope Moulton

took his full share, both in respect of what he gave and what he received. In his diary there occurs almost every week the phrase 'Hurried back to . . .'; and this is typical of the life he led. He lectured on the subjects comprised in Section E\* of the Classical Tripos, Part II; he lectured at Girton and Newnham; and all the time he was taking a large amount of teaching at The Leys, partly to relieve his father and partly in pursuance of his own duties as a member of the teaching staff. But no one was more alive than he was to the advantages afforded by Cambridge for self-improvement, and certainly no one was ever less disposed to regard the Tripos as finally concluding the period of acquisition. He availed himself to the full of the friendship of Prof. E. B. Cowell, the great Orientalist, and continued to study under his direction those subjects which afterwards became the sphere of so much of his published work. Prof. Cowell was undoubtedly one of the great inspiring

\* Centring in Philology.

influences of his life during this formative period, and he was never tired of expressing his sense of obligation and affection to his friend and teacher.\* The Professor's house was conveniently near to The Leys, and the most fruitful periods of instruction were not those spent in the lecture-room at stated times but the hours spent in the study of one who poured out his stores of learning without stint, and was delighted to find one who was both willing and able thus to receive, without any of the limitations which are inevitably associated with an examination syllabus.

His college also remained for him a centre of stimulating intellectual intercourse with which he kept up his intimate relations after he ceased to reside in the college buildings. King's College has always had the reputation of being somewhat of an intellectual aristocracy, largely because of its having been for long the one college at Cambridge which refused to take men who were not intending to read for

\* See below, pp. 135, 181.

an Honours Degree. Consequently, the number of members has never been conspicuously large, but the average of distinction has been conspicuously high. Among those who were my brother's contemporaries there stand out the names of Arthur C. Benson, now Master of Magdalene College; Montague Rhodes James, now Provost of Eton; G. Lowes Dickinson, journalist, historian, philosopher; W. R. Inge, the Dean of St. Paul's; and numbers of others who also have taken distinguished positions in Church and State. It was, perhaps, to be expected that a degree as good as his—a high first-class in both parts of the Tripos—should lead to a Fellowship even amid the keen competition of such a college as King's, and in 1888 he was elected to the much coveted honour. Among the testimonials sent in to the electors was the following from Dr. Peile, the great philologist, and it sheds interesting light upon the nature of his work at that early period:

‘The character of the work is distinctly

good—very sound and thorough. He binds himself to a rigorous observance of phonetic law and never evades it; the essay is scientific from the latest philological standpoint. . . . He has shown certainly a capability of original investigation. He belongs to a small number—about five—of students in Section E since 1882 who seem to me to stand out from the rest as qualified to do good independent work in comparative philology . . . Moulton's work shows no common grasp and attainment in a man of his standing.'

At the time during which he was closely connected with the college it enjoyed the exceptional advantage of having Dr. Westcott as a 'Professorial Fellow,' as well as Professor H. E. Ryle, who was a King's man, and had been elected to a Fellowship in the ordinary course. The influence of these two outstanding scholar-saints counted for much, specially unred conditions where there were many temptations to lead the unformed and aspiring intellectual to assume that among men of

intellect the Christian Faith no longer exercised any authority ; for no one could make that assumption with two such examples witnessing daily in the college to the contrary. Every Sunday afternoon during term-time there were meetings held in Professor Ryle's rooms for religious discussion, which could not fail to be stimulating—even if somewhat disconcerting for the junior who had to read a paper in the presence both of his fellow undergraduates and of these outstanding professors. In his tribute to Bishop Westcott in the *London Quarterly Review*\*, my brother refers to these gatherings. 'I was the victim twice, and on the first occasion cheerfully undertook to give an account of Methodism within the allotted time. It was amusing to see the interest and curiosity of my fellow undergraduates, to whom I spake like a traveller from Tibet. I had to stand fire for nearly an hour, explaining to the best of my power the difference between a class-leader and

\* July, 1903.

an archdeacon ; and answering other questions betraying greater or less degrees of ignorance. Westcott's *obiter dicta* were deeply interesting, showing as they did his characteristic power of sympathetic insight into the religious position of Free Churchmen. . . . I had been emphasizing our doctrine of the priesthood, and Westcott remarked that if we believed all Christians to be priests we ought to have an ordination service for them. . . . If we Methodists took kindly to ritual, no doubt the service for the recognition of new members would have done something in the direction of Dr. Westcott's suggestion.'

But although he seemed to be so much immersed in the things of scholarship he remained a very human being, and altogether far removed from the academic recluse interested in nothing but the world of scholarship. He retained his interest in games, certain games, and he continued to play them with zest ; and it was perhaps characteristic of his strenuous disposition

that he did not take much interest in games except in so far as he could participate in them himself. It was only on very exceptional occasions that he was to be found watching games of any kind : active employment was what he asked for in every field of life. His love for music—which had found early expression in the oratorio fragment on the subject of *Jonah*, before he was twelve—developed into a great enthusiasm, though here again the same characteristic manifested itself in a greater desire to be a participator than a mere listener. To the very end it was the choral work in which he had taken part that counted most to him, rather than the intrinsically greater work which he had only heard from outside ; and the same was true in respect of those orchestral works in which as a 'cellist he had played his part. This disposition would by itself have rendered the elaborate services of the Church of England distasteful to him, even if there had been no other considerations. A musical service performed *for* him, instead

of one in which he could take his share, would have had little attraction for him ; and the 'paid quartet' régime so prevalent in America would have been anathema. The result was that he entered with extreme heartiness into all services at which he was present ; and if he sang with a vehemence which was open to criticism both in respect of the well-being of his own voice and the blending with other voices, it was at any rate an outward expression of an earnest enthusiasm which was adequately described by ALAN in this field as in others.

### *Early Ministerial Career*

And what about his relation to his Church during the sixteen years from 1886 to 1902 ? From what has been already said it will be abundantly clear that nothing, however alluring, would be allowed to thrust that into the background. Much of his teaching at The Leys was in Bible subjects, and in addition to that there was much of the pastoral relation-

ship to the boys which gave him the opportunity of making more of a contribution to Church life than could be tabulated at the moment. Then he was preaching most Sundays either at the school or in the Circuit, and the scholar who was spending Saturday evening studying the mysteries of Sanskrit with Prof. Cowell would, as likely as not, be expounding the precepts of the gospel on Sunday evening to a handful of villagers on the far side of the Circuit. It was this blend of 'the study and the street' which kept him so fresh, and saved his scholarship from having the slightest suspicion of mould and mustiness.

Then there was the work involved in the guidance of the Probationers of the Church. For years his father had had charge of this work, and now the son came in, first as assistant and then as successor. Judging *a priori* it might perhaps be expected that one so able and learned himself would prove unsympathetic towards beginners, and over-disposed to view matters from a purely intellectual point of view ; but this did

not prove to be the case with him any more than with his father ; and there are hundreds of men in the Wesleyan Methodist Church to-day who speak with gratitude of what they owe both to father and son while passing through their period of probation.

In February, 1898, the whole aspect of things changed, for with tragic suddenness Dr. W. F. Moulton passed away. About two years previously he had received a sharp warning that there are limits to the extent to which an able and unselfish worker may spend himself for others, and for several months he had been laid aside. Gradually he came back again to the old activities, though with the recognition that never again must life be for him the stressful rushing existence which it had been before. But even this modified condition of service proved too much for him ; and one Saturday afternoon, when returning from a visit to one of his masters who was ill, he sat down on the steps of the bridge over the river behind The Leys, and in ten

minutes he had passed over not that river but another.

The association between him and his elder son in both public and private work had been so peculiarly close that this bereavement meant to my brother very much more than an acute personal loss. It meant the closing of an epoch in his life ; for although he remained at the school until 1902, in happy association with his friend of many years, the Rev W. T. A. Barber, who was appointed by the governors to the vacant head-mastership, it was necessarily in an altered capacity ; and there was always present the consciousness that the supreme reason for his remaining there had come to an end. When, therefore, he was designated for the position of tutor at Didsbury College in 1902, he left the old familiar scenes for a new sphere more congenial in itself and more thoroughly suited to his special gifts. It could not be without deep regret that he would leave the spots so full of hallowed memories ; and Cambridge itself had its own

unique attractions. But Manchester presented a sphere for work which was free from the limitations and disqualifications which belonged to an order so largely dominated by tradition ; and the prospect of training ministers instead of teaching schoolboys afforded ample compensation for the loss of other things. At Cambridge his Nonconformity would have remained to the end of the chapter a disqualification and a reproach in actual fact, even if in theory there was a fair field and no favour. It will take generations to exorcise from Oxford and Cambridge that spirit which is far more ready to give the right hand of fellowship to the free-thinker than to the Nonconformist preacher. How this strikes the outsider is shown in the concluding paragraph of a discerning notice of his *Prolegomena*, in the *Cambridge Review*, May 24, 1906 : ‘ It is now three or four years since Dr. Moulton left Cambridge, followed very shortly by Mr. Rendel Harris. They are serving each his own denomination in little colleges

outside great cities, but Cambridge has lost them. Curious how little effort was made to keep them! More curious that the theological chairs of the university are not available for scholars of such gifts! Does the system which requires their exclusion really help the advancement of learning?' But, for the time being, to quote from a letter to my brother from Dr. J. G. Frazer: 'There is no standing up against the country parson when he arises in his might, smites the local don under the fifth rib, bumps his head (I mean the don's head) against a wall, and departs in triumph leaving us prostrate.' Nevertheless, it is very doubtful whether the new age will tolerate such things much longer, and the first steps have been taken in the direction of fairer treatment.

A new university started free from these shackles, and there was neither the power nor the desire to give preferential treatment to any one form of Church allegiance. As my brother playfully reminded the

Bishop of Ripon when he came to bring fraternal greetings to the Bradford Conference of 1910 : ' We have in the University [of Manchester] a Theological Faculty which has been an object lesson of a very valuable character. We sit side by side representing all the Churches, and the only "faculty" we have—so the Vice-Chancellor says, and he ought to know—is that we never quarrel. We have never had any division in which any one could tell from the voting which were Anglican and which Free Church. It is, of course, the Bible around which we are mostly gathered, and it is a broad principle with us that nothing shall be said that may offend the religious opinions of any student there. In my own New Testament class I have students from the High Church College and from the Presbyterian Colleges, and it has never occurred to us what are the differences between the Churches.' The very fact that he later served a term of two or three years as Dean of the Faculty emphasizes the difference between the

spirit of the new and the old universities where matters of religious allegiance were concerned ; and although in his moments of loneliness later he talked of retiring to Cambridge, it was to the Cambridge of hallowed associations—both of life and death, for there his much loved girl Hope was buried, as well as his father and mother—rather than to Cambridge as a sphere of work. As his friend, E. E. Kellett, puts it : ‘ Cambridge gave him his learning, but Manchester was to give him the chance to use it.’

### III

## MANCHESTER

### *The New Sphere*

It was in every way fortunate for my brother that when the way opened for his appointment to a college tutorship it should have been at Manchester. None of the other centres could have given him the same many-sided opportunities and the blend of the University with the denominational College. Richmond was too isolated, while at Leeds and Birmingham the Universities were then very far from occupying the positions which they hold to-day. Manchester alone among the modern Universities of England had attained to a maturity and a completeness of equipment worthy of a great industrial centre. In addition to these intellectual interests

there were the problems and possibilities of a great city, which appealed powerfully to one whose interest in politics was so wrapped up with his passion for social reform. Here was a chance of *doing*, in some degree, the very things about which he had often spoken, and of bringing down his politics also 'from the study to the street.'

It was as a Methodist preacher that he came to Didsbury, and his work in the Methodist ministry always occupied the first place in his regard, as indeed it took precedence of the academic and the political in point of time. For years the post of theological tutor at the Wesleyan College, Didsbury, had been occupied by the Rev. Dr. Marshall Randles, and that of classical tutor by the Rev. Dr. R. Waddy Moss. With the retirement of Dr. Randles in 1902, there was a partial redistribution of work, Dr. Moss taking the tutorship in theology, and James Hope Moulton New Testament exegesis, classics and other kindred studies. A college such as Dids-

bury furnishes boundless possibilities for the tutor who is prepared to expend his very best on his men. The relations *can* be very close; they *can* be professional and little more; and it is safe to say that men can discern very easily whether a tutor is out to deliver lectures or to teach. No one could fail to see that J. H. Moulton had a very strong sense of the importance of his subjects, and he taught them with all the earnestness of one who was convinced that minute matters of grammar and of exegesis carried great significance. In so doing he presented to his men a living plea for painstaking accuracy, at a period of mental development when the temptation to cheap and shallow generalizations might very well be strongly felt. One of his men—the Rev. Wilbert F. Howard, M.A., B.D., who has accepted the important and difficult task of continuing his unfinished Grammar of New Testament Greek—has described\* the Didsbury side of my brother's life far better than I could possibly do,

\* In the *Methodist Recorder*.

and I will content myself with passing on his generous appreciation:—

‘ Dr. Moulton’s death has left a gap in the front rank of the world’s scholars, and hosts of friends all over the world are mourning him. But we old Didsbury men claim him as our own possession. We knew him as no others could. From the day he came amongst us he was one of ourselves, and we were proud of this giant of learning, who was not ashamed to call us brethren. It is impossible to think of Didsbury without him. And though we know all about the many parts he filled elsewhere, we cannot think of him apart from Didsbury. After all, it was as Didsbury tutor that he came to his own in Methodism and was recognized for the man he was—and what a man !

‘ Even at first we dimly knew that his scholarship was a miracle of memory and understanding and flawless accuracy, and this was years before great universities tumbled over one another in their eagerness to heap their honours upon him. But that

was not why we made a hero of him. We honoured the scholar, we revered the saint, and we loved the man. One remembers the instinctive reverence of the subdued voice with which, in critical discussions, he always named the name of Christ ; one calls to mind also his sensitiveness for the feelings of the slow and stupid. He was too fine a gentleman ever to make a man look ridiculous before a roomful of fellows. His utter disinterestedness, no less than his humility, gave us a new insight into ministerial honour. Of course, he was very human. He had his foibles and mannerisms, at which we smiled and loved him none the less. But there was never a suggestion of pomposity or pedantry, for he had the simplicity of a child and the purity of a Galahad. How vehement he was in his crusading temper ! He was a very impetuous saint, and, with all his pre-War pacifism, he was truly a leader in Christ's Church militant here on earth.

‘ His class-room was never dull. Who can forget that ocular demonstration with

the aid of the poker to distinguish between the various kinds of aorist? One never knew whether some gem in the text would be given a setting of fine gold extracted from some Egyptian rubbish-heap, or whether a passing reference would discover the intimate connexion between comparative religion and some half-forgotten nursery rhyme. The staid and stodgy may shake their heads at his unconventional methods, but this I do know, that, with many other things, we learnt a great deal of Hellenistic Greek, and always for the enrichment of the soul. Dr. Moulton, alone of all teachers whom I have known, had the power of breathing life into the dry bones of grammar.

‘To think that no fresh generation of Didsbury men will watch that tall, athletic figure striding with elastic step along the west corridor, or sit at his feet in that upper room while he eagerly unfolds to them the Scriptures, or hear the shrill exclamation when a misplaced accent is detected in Westcott and Hort, or hearken

to those *obiter dicta* that reveal the insight of genius !

‘ How patient he was, and what kindness he lavished on us ! All his Didsbury geese were swans, of course, but that was only part of his abounding charity which believed all things and hoped all things. Very many of his old students at home and abroad are now lamenting an inspiring teacher, and, still more, their best friend.’

### *Phases of Scholarship*

His work at the college thus lay entirely along the line of his own tastes and predilections. His intimate association with his father had led him at an early period to accustom himself to look for substantial contributions to exegesis from the side of grammar, and two considerations helped to accentuate that disposition. One was the fact that his father’s edition of Winer’s *Grammar of New Testament Greek* needed to be re-cast and in a great degree re-written—a task which the father had hoped to undertake, but which was left

as a sacred legacy to the son. Upon this he had already been engaged for several years, and the fruit of his labours appeared in December, 1905, with the publication of the *Prolegomena*, the first instalment of 'A Grammar of New Testament Greek, based upon W. F. Moulton's edition of G. B. Winer's Grammar.' The other consideration was the discovery of the papyri. Deissmann's *Bible Studies*, which first appeared in 1895, called the attention of scholars to the identity of the Greek of the New Testament with that of the common people as reflected in the papyri, and thereby opened out a new field of investigation. These two considerations led James Hope Moulton to devote more and more time to that field of study, with results which soon became manifest in a wider circle than that of a denominational college. In 1908 he was appointed Greenwood Professor of Hellenistic Greek and Indo-European Philology at Manchester University, an appointment which was doubtless due in great measure to the

impression produced on the world of Biblical scholarship by the *Prolegomena*. It was recognized that here was an expert of no mean order, and it is noticeable that the recognition was not confined to England. Albert Thumb said of the book : ‘ We have nothing to equal it in German,’ and Harnack spoke of the author as ‘ our foremost expert ’ in New Testament Greek—no small praise from one so distinguished for his own scholarship, and known not to be over-partial to non-German work. Indeed, so profound was my brother’s scholarship that even a Cambridge paper, writing of him after his death, spoke of him as having been trained in Germany—a striking example of that deplorable disposition to ask, ‘ Can anything good come out of England without German aid ? ’

As to his work in the field of papyrology little need be said here, for the subject has become fairly familiar, and it would not be an overstatement to say that, so far as this country is concerned, no one had a larger share than himself in that

familiarization; and his book, *From Egyptian Rubbish-heaps*, has presented the subject in a form which can be understood by those who have no knowledge of the subject, or even of Greek. It was a real satisfaction to his democratic soul to find that the Greek of the New Testament—‘the language of the Holy Ghost,’ as it had been called—was in reality just the language of the common people; and he revelled in searching from the various papyrus collections for material which would be of service for the better understanding of the language of the New Testament. The bulk of his researches are embodied in the *Vocabulary of New Testament Greek*, which he commenced in collaboration with Prof. Milligan, of Glasgow, the son of ‘Milligan of Aberdeen,’ who had been our father’s colleague on the Revision Company and collaborator in the Commentary on John’s Gospel in Schaff’s Commentary. Only two parts out of eight had been published before my brother started for India, and his

friend will be left to complete the work by himself. As to the future of that branch of study, he was perfectly prepared to believe that the later yield from Egypt and elsewhere would not be commensurate with the earlier, partly because the Assouan dam tended to alter the climate of Egypt to so great a degree that the papyri were not so likely to survive. 'I do not think,' he writes to Dr. Rendel Harris on July, 1910, 'that papyrology will take us much further. New papyrus collections will only add details now.' But there is no doubt as to the supreme value of the contributions already made from that source.

I have no claim to speak of the inner quality of my brother's work, but I have before me an estimate written by one who has an authority in that field second to none. In the *Theologische Literatur Zeitung* for April, 1906, Deissmann reviewed the book, and there are passages in his review which may fittingly find a place in this memoir, in that they are not merely

the estimate of a book, but also the appreciation of a scholar by a scholar—and such an one.

‘James Hope Moulton’s *Prolegomena to the Grammar of N.T. Greek* comes before me at the same moment as the announcement of a third German N.T. Grammar: the *Philologica Sacra* is flourishing! As heir of his late father W. F. Moulton’s work, whose English edition of the Winer Grammar had for nearly forty years exercised a favourable influence on exegetical studies in England and America, the younger Moulton modestly introduces himself; and his mother, now advanced in years, who forty years ago had drawn up for her husband, as now for him, the comprehensive index of Biblical references, symbolizes for us the personal continuity between the older and the younger generation of grammarians. The son has inherited before all things the *εργος* of the research student, the zeal for scientific discovery combined with warm love for the N.T. He has further inherited the

solid foundation of the Winer-Moulton book itself. But it is all his own that he, equipped with modern Hellenic scholarship, has built on this foundation an entirely new work. The grammar proper he does not here provide ; that is to follow in Vol. II: in Vol. I, before the schoolroom door is opened he gives us with a smile the paper bag of almonds and raisins ! The title ' Prolegomena ' is distinctive for the character of the first volume ; with intentional avoidance of systematic tension and closeness, the nine chapters he gives us are intended to reveal in a series of specially striking phenomena of language the general character of the Hellenistic world-speech, and the historical position of the N.T. language within that world-Greek. What the learned doctrinaire will carp at as a short-coming in the special character of the first volume, is for the reader, and especially for the young reader, a great advantage. The notion that a grammar can only be solid if it is tedious, is altogether destroyed by these Prolegomena.

One can really *read* Moulton ; we are not stifled in the dense atmosphere of exegetical wranglings, nor drowned in a flood of quotations. Everywhere the main facts and the main problems are keenly perceived and clearly formulated. And a great impression may be the permanent result of this remarkable investigation which advances science at many points, that the N.T., treated linguistically, stands in the liveliest connexion with its Hellenistic surroundings.

‘ While earlier grammatical treatment of our sacred Book was mainly governed by the sense of its contrast with the world around, the newer method which is weighed and adopted more energetically by Moulton than by his German predecessors, emphasizes mainly the contact with that world. As to the degree to which Semitisms exist, the case is not yet closed ; a large number of mistakes in earlier exegetes depend on the failure to realize that the popular vernacular in Greek and ‘not-Greek’ has many points in common,

that accordingly many turns which astonish the Atticist of the schools and Hebraist, which he triumphantly fastens on as Semitisms, are not always Semitisms, but often international vulgarisms, which do not support the isolation of "N.T. philology" . . . The comparison of the papyri and inscriptions that have been used shows the wide reading of the author, and helps to make the N.T. available for papyrus study and epigraphy. Admirable also is the accuracy of the printing and the beautiful get-up; the only thing to oppress us is the praise of a German who was accidentally made aware of the papyri, and saw there what anybody else would naturally have seen.

‘ADOLF DEISSMANN.’

‘There are only two things I know,’ he once said in a lecture; ‘but I have tried to know them well.’ If New Testament Greek was one, then comparative religion—or one specific tract of that great continent—was the other. It is easy

enough to see the course of his mental development. At first classics and mathematics ran fairly level, as they had done with his father ; then classics forged ahead, and absorbed his whole attention. But the philological side of classics attracted him pre-eminently, and in Part II of the Classical Tripos he specialized in Philology, which brought him into close touch with Prof. E. B. Cowell, Dr. John Peile, Mr. R. A. Neil, and, later, with Dr. Williams Jackson and Bishop Casartelli of Salford, through whom he came into that deep interest in Iranian studies which characterized him to the very last. Thus while Greek Testament studies retained their first place in his regard, owing to home training and the career to which he felt himself called, independently of their intrinsic interest, he was perhaps quite as conspicuously an expert in matters pertaining to Zoroastrianism and the literature of Persian religion ; and it was Zoroastrianism which was the subject of his Hibbert Lectures in 1912. There was

awaiting him on his return an invitation to give the Schweich Lectures in 1918: and probably some phase of comparative religion would have been his subject.

Writing to his friend, Prof. Peake, in 1904, he describes the course of the development of his studies: 'My work has been slowly shifting its centre of gravity for years. I was, of course, a comparative philologist at Cambridge, a classic mostly for teaching purposes, a N.T. student from the grammar side as inheriting Winer and disposed toward the language study, and a Zendist as a philologue originally, finally a disciple of Frazer from the growing taste for comparative religion. My orbit was consequently as incalculable as that of a quadruple star. Here [i.e. at Didsbury College], of course, the N.T. at once became almost my sole concern, and the path became a circle, with perturbations from Frazer and some surviving Zend work. . . . As far as I can see this new development would (to pursue the metaphor) eliminate the perturbations and make the orbit a

simple ellipse with N.T. grammar (or grammatical exegesis) and comparative religion as its foci.'

During his life at Manchester, James Hope Moulton found another centre of congenial activity—the John Rylands Library. Shortly after his advent in Manchester he had been appointed to a seat on the council of governors in succession to the Rev. Dr. Randles; and throughout his thirteen years at Didsbury College he took very personal interest in that institution. He frequented it both as reader and as governor; and it was probably because he was the former that he took so seriously his duties and privileges as the latter. To him it would seem no exaggeration or misuse of terms to speak of the mission of the John Rylands Library; for to him the library was a personality clearly marked, and entrusted with no ordinary responsibilities in respect of the world of scholarship. His friend, Mr. Henry Guppy, the gifted librarian, has always been keenly responsive to the

movings of the minds of others where the interests of the world of letters are concerned, and projects which suggested themselves to my brother always found in Mr. Guppy a sympathetic listener. As a storehouse and a school of scholarship the John Rylands Library counts for very much ; and more than ever now that Dr. Rendel Harris is installed there as guide to those engaged in palaeographical studies. How his friend would have greeted such an appointment ! With what mutual joy and profit would they have forgathered there ! But it was not to be.

On one subject and on one only was he both ignorant and impenitently ignorant. I should scruple to say that were it not that he so often avows the fact himself, and unblushingly declares that he had no interest in philosophy and no use for it in his scheme of thinking and living. Probably he did himself less than justice in this respect ; for, after all, philosophy is but the science of living, and although he may not have arrived at his ruling prin-

ciples of life by way of the categories of formal philosophical theory, there was very clear thinking at the back of his life and work. To him it seemed as though philosophy were altogether concerned with speculation and with metaphysical hair-splitting, which to his intensely practical nature seemed solemn trifling. Of course he was wrong; all his best friends recognized that it was a distinct limitation of his qualities; and what is more, one is half disposed to believe that his extremely tolerant disposition would have given a cordial recognition of the value of philosophical thought if soberly and coherently placed before him, provided always that no demand was made upon him to think along similar lines. That he was constitutionally disinclined towards speculative and metaphysical thought as contrasted with the practical, is made abundantly clear by his views on several subjects. The Epistle of James interested him more than the writings of John—the one instance of wide deviation from the Biblical views

of his father. Parsism attracted him in a way in which Buddhism and Hinduism never did; evangelicalism kindled his warmest sympathies, while sacerdotalism left him either cold or irritated; and while he had too much good taste and was far too sound a thinker to echo the famous prebendary's dictum, 'Hang theology! Let us get to religion!' he had more than a little mental sympathy with the disposition that lay at the back of that outburst of revolt. As his friend, Dr. Giles, the Master of Emmanuel, sententiously puts it: 'As a Christian minister no doubt Dr. Moulton's first interest was in Christianity, not in theology, which is not the same thing.'

But what was most conspicuous in all his work was his uncompromising loyalty to truth. No considerations of hallowed associations or great traditions were allowed to stand in the way of a change of position if the facts demanded it. When his father's edition of Winer was produced it was a fundamental axiom that New Testament Greek had the three characteris-

tics of being Hebraistic Greek, colloquial Greek, and late Greek; and when my brother wrote his useful manual for students of the subject in 1895, he started from that position. But in the *Expositor* for January, 1904, referring to this fact, he says: 'In a second edition just published the first of these elements has to disappear, and when "common" has been substituted for colloquial, it is soon made clear that the addition of "late" makes little difference to the definition.' On another point—that of 'translation' Greek—he is just as ready to reconsider his position. 'I am not disposed nowadays,' he writes to Dr. Rendel Harris in 1913, 'to minimize translation Greek as I did in my early fervour.'

This is quite consistent with a proneness—an excessive proneness, according to some of his best scholar friends—to coquette with the most recent suggestion as to authorship, or emendation of the text. Take Priscilla as an example! Possibly it was part of his chivalrous nature, this willing-

ness to give the latest adventurous growth a chance to prove its utility. So he introduced Priscilla on every possible occasion to the elect fellowship of the scholarly world as the authoress of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and, together with Harnack and A. S. Peake, gave the good lady letters of recommendation! But having done that much for her he left her to fend for herself and justify her existence.

Perhaps there was nothing which astonished the outsider more than the fact that J. H. Moulton's work was always interesting and usually piquant. To adapt the famous phrase of Junius, learning and dullness have so often and so long been received for synonymous terms that the reverse of the proposition has grown into credit, and every man who makes himself interesting to the crowd is taken to be one of little learning. It was no small achievement of my brother's that he made it clear that the profoundest scholarship could be expressed in a form which was interesting and arresting. Deissmann says

of his *Prolegomena* : ‘ Dr. Moulton is never wearisome ’ ; and a reviewer in the *Dublin Review* says of the book that it ‘ might be described as the most amusing and lively grammar ’ ever produced ; and he goes on to say that ‘ Dr. Moulton shares with Dr. Rendel Harris, among New Testament scholars, a certain irrepressible gaiety which from time to time relieves the dullness of optatives and aorists, or stichometrics and Syriac fragments, as the case may be.’ One would have thought, for instance, that the dative case did not afford much scope for entertainment or for any language but that of the strictest propriety ; but the professor who was capable of using the special idioms of Mrs. Gamp to illustrate a point in his *Prolegomena* was perfectly capable of viewing a Greek case as a human being with a personality. Thus there is to be found in his inaugural lecture at Manchester University this very characteristic passage, which will serve as an illustration of how he wrapped up the conclusions of peculiarly

painstaking and accurate scholarship in an attractive garb :

‘ In the first century A.D. we find the dative very much alive. It was used so freely that it ultimately ceased to be useful, and died as we might say of fatty degeneration. A case that could mean almost anything could not be trusted out alone ; and we cannot be surprised that nursemaid *in* and nursemaid *with* frequently shirked their proper work and meddled with each other’s province in attending to their troublesome charge.’

How this struck his hearers in the lecture-room is picturesquely described by ‘ P. V. B.’ in an extremely tender and discerning appreciation in *The Young Men of India*, just after my brother’s death.

‘ It was only a few months ago that I saw an announcement in Bombay of a public lecture by Prof. Moulton. I had often run across his name in books and in conversation, had seen some of his writings, and had listened often to admiring comments on his scholarship and himself.

I knew that he had an extraordinary record of achievement and could string a small alphabet of letters after a name that was in itself a title of distinction. I had looked him up in *Who's Who*, found a record bristling with doctorates, German, Scotch, and English, and learned that he was known as an outstanding figure by the scholars of three continents. What an alarming person, I thought, to meet or listen to!

‘The subject of the lecture was, if possible, more alarming than the lecturer. It had to do with certain characteristics of the language and letters of the early Iranians. But I resolved on an effort to appear knowing, and in the hope that some at least of the discourse would prove comprehensible, plucked up courage and went. What a surprise! The lecturer seemed an incarnate joint-violation of all the rules by which the ordinary notion of the scholar is constructed. Of the ponderousness, the pedantry, the involution of thought and speech, the spectacled adherence to a

musty manuscript, the terror of being popular, the high disdain of common interests and feelings, the speaker showed not a trace. The lecture was a straightforward talk in the gracefully pure and simple language of a genuine classicist on things which were to the speaker plainly saturated with personality. It was astonishing how he could convert philology into an adventure of the spirit among kindred souls who lived and wrote three thousand years ago. A dull black and white page of Zend or Sanskrit characters seemed to transform itself under his eye into something rich and strange, with its text all illuminated in a far more living way than the best of old-time monks would have been equal to. To him, without any mistake, language was "fossil poetry." Scholarship was not, as it is for many, a process of squeezing the heart dry to serve a tyrannous intellect ; it was rather a process in which the heart breathed life and beauty into the dead facts which the intellect gathered. It was his sympathy and rare humanity

that always served as his best commentary. Words were a kind of coins, minted of the very substance of the soul, and every subtle shifting of meaning had its counterpart in the history of the mind.'

### *The Methodist Preacher*

Throughout his life in Manchester, crowded with manifold activities in many directions and with honours falling thick and fast upon him, while no one could call him a typical Methodist preacher, nevertheless he *was* a Methodist preacher by choice and conviction, as well as tradition. His was not a typical case, partly because it had never been his lot to occupy the position of a circuit minister, seeing that he had, like his father, been sent straight into educational work, and had lost that experience—so full of joys even if compassed about with difficulties and trials—which forms the central fact of Methodist life. It was a loss to him, whether he realized it or not; but such was his power of sympathy that he never

allowed that to prevent him from entering fully into the lot of his brethren, and the typical circuit minister found a generous and helpful friend in the professor, and in other ways he bore his share of connexional responsibility. For some considerable time he was Secretary for the East Anglian District; for many years, as colleague to his father and then as his successor, he was in charge of the Probationers' Examination work; and, especially after he became tutor at Didsbury, he had a heavy share of committee work on behalf of his Church. The Church showed its appreciation of his worth by electing him, in 1904, as a member of the Legal Hundred, which in strict theory constitutes the Methodist Church in the eyes of the law; and doubtless had he been spared, he would have risen to a still higher station in the Church of his fathers.

It may be said of him that in general his position in Church matters was that of a radical reformer strongly tinged with conservatism—a blend which was marked

in Hugh Price Hughes, and in other leaders since his day. Any one who had an adequate policy for rendering the ministry of the Church more efficient would find in him a keen sympathiser, and he was more ready than most to give a promising scheme a chance of justifying itself, instead of seeing only the lions in the path. He was not heedless and impetuous in counsel, but his leaning was distinctly towards the disposition that is willing to make a venture in the hope of its proving a gain, than towards that which is too cautious to move for fear of making a loss. But when it came to a matter of personal tastes he showed himself strongly conservative. The new hymn-book was a case in point. I doubt whether he ever quite forgave the committee for certain of its omissions, especially in respect of hymns from the old book that were rejected. Two cases come to mind as I write—Bishop Heber's touching reverie, 'The winds were howling o'er the deep,' and W. M. Bunting's 'Blest Spirit, from the Eternal Sire.' The

former he frequently gave out, and used with a great power in one of his sermons ; but probably he would have the majority of the Church against him on the question of its place in a collection of hymns. As to the second it will always remain a mystery why, because of one word, perhaps the finest of all our hymns on the Holy Spirit—at any rate one that contains the two finest verses—should have been denied a place ; and it was characteristic of my brother that on the Sunday evening prior to the introduction of the new book he chose his hymns entirely from the category of the rejected.

To some within the borders of his Church he was somewhat of a puzzle, for they did not know quite where to place him. The higher critic they knew, and the evangelist they knew, but what manner of man was this who seemed to blend the parts ? Some probably thought the more kindly of views other than their own because James Hope Moulton held them. Others who would have liked to challenge him

came to view the situation in much the same light as the cardinal who was instructed to tackle Lord Acton—and thought better of it. One thing is very certain, and that is that no views as to the literary history or formation of the Bible narrative impaired his faith in the truth of the religion there enshrined, or gave any note of hesitancy to his proclamation of the supreme efficacy of the gospel, in chapel or in street, from platform or from press, for those at home and those in far-off lands.

Yes ; those in far-off lands bulked large in his thoughts and sympathies, and no department of Church work was nearer to his heart than foreign missions. More will have to be said about this later, but it cannot be left out of the consideration of his share in the activities of his Church. It was probably a phase of the chivalry of his nature. The very fact of all these millions being ‘down,’ and through no fault of their own, at once enlisted his sympathies. Few things in his life moved him like the Edinburgh Conference, and

nothing at those memorable meetings moved him more than a prayer from the lips of Dr. Karl Kumm, in which he recounted a long list of names of African tribes utterly unknown to most of us, but burnt in upon his heart till he needed no printed page to record them. ‘The A as large as France without a missionary; the B as large as Russia without a missionary; the C as large as Britain without a missionary’; and so past counting, with the grim fact overhanging all this agonized pleading, that Islam stands waiting to devour, and that we are powerless to rescue when once her laws have seized the heathen we might have saved. ‘Is it nothing to you, O ye that pass by—ye that hear the Name that is above every name, and profess allegiance to Him who bade us count it our supreme object in life to bring His kingdom near?’\* It was therefore not at all surprising that he should have opposed the spending of a quarter of the

\* From ‘Some Reflections on the Edinburgh Conference,’ published in the *Methodist Recorder*.

Twentieth Century Fund upon a Church House in London, and that he should have given vent to his feelings when speaking at the annual meeting of the Missionary Society at City Road—for which he received due and solemn castigation at the hands of certain high priests of official Methodism!

*Three Main Characteristics — Humility, Moral Passion, Ministry of Reconciliation.*

A life such as that of my brother, more full of influence than of incident—at any rate, the incident that lends itself to chronicles—is better grasped from a summary of impressions than from a record of occurrences; and this will perhaps be the most suitable point at which to try to gather up his characteristics as a man and as a worker. For it was the Manchester period which was the central epoch of his life from every point of view. Cambridge was formative, and as such was of priceless value; India was sacrificial, and as such was rich in fragrance; but Cambridge prepared for Manchester, and

out of Manchester came India. He was his best and did his best in Manchester, and to describe him as he was at Manchester is to describe him in the truest sense.

It would not be fanciful to describe him in terms of the Beatitudes, for it was the non-aggressive virtues which counted for most with him, and manifested themselves most conspicuously in his own character. To say this is not in any way to go back upon what has already been said as to his vehement forcefulness. He remained ATAN to the end, but never was there a trace of self-seeking about his aggressiveness, and it is in his selflessness that he recalls the Beatitudes. He was always in the limelight—much more than he would have chosen had he been able to choose—but it was always in the interests of others, and it brought no satisfaction to him that thousands applauded him, unless their doing so indicated their willingness to espouse the cause which he was advocating.

His disposition may be summed up in three characteristics which themselves

practically embody the whole of the great category—humility, moral passion, and reconciliation.

To speak of his humility is to use the word which comes nearest to the fact, though it is far from being adequate. People were more often astonished at what he was not than at what he was. They expected to find a ponderous pundit, and they found a simple comrade. A leading article in the *Manchester Guardian* gave expression to this when it pointed out that he ‘carried his weight of learning with all the simplicity of a child.’ There was no aloofness about him; and if he was set upon a pedestal it certainly was not one of his own erecting. His very style of writing and of speech, by its freedom and unconventionalities made for comradeship, for it carried with it nothing of the exclusiveness of a caste or the assertiveness of privilege. Of course there were many people who shook their heads and muttered concerning want of dignity, just as there are those who will prate about

the dignity of the pulpit until it drops, from sheer respectability, into inanition; but when a scholar of international standing dared to be interesting he not only followed the bent of his own nature but he also helped to break down a fetish and to help thereby lesser men than himself.

Another phase of his humbleness of mind was seen in his readiness to recognize worth in others and obligation to others. There was no patronizing sense of superiority in his relations with those less gifted than himself. If his companion happened to belong to a totally different walk of life he would not be long in finding a point of contact, and he would delight in the opportunity to enlarge his own knowledge of life in another sphere, for of him Chaucer's words held good :

Gladly would he learn and gladly teach.

If it were some beginner in a branch of study where he was an expert, there would be poured out lavishly all the wealth of knowledge, without any more demonstra-

tion than would belong to a conversation about a subject interesting to both of them. Never did he make smaller men 'feel small,' unless it might be when there was some element of pretentiousness which needed to be corrected. And if he was humble with his fellow men, how much more so was he with his God! His was not the fawning, self-depreciatory humility which sometimes seems to carry with it no small flavour of affectation. It was rather the humility which expresses itself in magnifying the need for God, and the whole-hearted desire that God should do His perfect work in him and through him. In one of his last letters from India he enclosed, scribbled upon a half-sheet, some verses which, apart from intrinsic worth—perhaps I am not impartial—are interesting as reflecting his character on this side with singular felicity. He wrote them at Bangalore, where he had been deeply moved by the privilege of lecturing for a few weeks to what he styles 'a black Didsbury.'

## AT THE CLASSROOM DOOR

Lord, at Thy word opens yon door, inviting  
Teacher and taught to feast this hour with Thee ;  
Opens a Book where God in human writing  
Thinks His deep thoughts, and dead tongues  
live for me.

Too dread the task, too great the duty calling,  
Too heavy far the weight is laid on me !  
O if mine own thought should on Thy words falling  
Mar the great message, and men hear not Thee !

Give me Thy voice to speak, Thine ear to listen,  
Give me Thy mind to grasp Thy mystery ;  
So shall my heart throb, and my glad eyes glisten,  
Rapt with the wonders Thou dost show to me.

In the second place it would not be an exaggeration to say that he was one of those that hunger and thirst after righteousness, both in respect of private conduct and public advocacy. He was always a politician, and an eager one ; his diaries during his teens show that clearly enough. But the aggressiveness of his Liberalism was the result of a strong conviction that its principles made for social righteousness.

He may have been one-sided, and have done less than justice to the Tory ; few politicians, indeed, escape that temptation. But because he was honestly of opinion that Toryism was out for the safe-guarding of vested interests at the expense of the well-being of the many, and was indifferent, relatively speaking, to their interests, he fought it. If any one replied that the Liberal candidate had no more passion for social righteousness than the Tory, his reply would be, ' So much the worse for him, seeing that he sins against a clearer light ; nevertheless his policy makes for better things.'

His passion for social righteousness found many manifestations, some positive, some negative. Few institutions elicited more of his enthusiasm than the Manchester and Salford Mission, under the magnificent leadership of his friend, the Rev. S. F. Collier. The ruling characteristics of that mission are far too well-known to call for any description : for it is recognized throughout the city as a great force making for

social righteousness, even by those who take no stock in its religious purposes and agencies. But to one who not only shared its social enthusiasms and visions, but also looked to its spiritual life as the only far-reaching agency by which these things could be brought about, it was a centre of attraction second to none, and worthy of unstinted service and devotion. By advocacy, counsel, and gift he was always ready to help Mr. Collier, for whose work and character he had a boundless admiration, and he was seldom absent from the anniversary platform. Shortly after his advent in Manchester he took up a piece of work at the Mission which awakened a keen and widespread interest. It was a time when the influence of the *Clarion* was peculiarly potent, and it was felt that steps ought to be taken to counteract that influence, not by criticism and attack, but by a vigorous, well-informed, convincing presentation of the Christian Apologetic on its positive side. Mr. Collier and my brother organized a course of

Sunday afternoon lectures on 'What is Christianity?'—the lectures being given from many different points of view by experts in their own field, the lecture being followed by a question hour. For upwards of two years this procedure was followed, and a popular apologetic constructed which was of a character to reinforce waverers and convince well-disposed doubters, as well as to give to believers stronger grounds for their faith. Had he been allowed to return to this country nothing would have given him greater satisfaction than to find himself in one way or other associated with Mr. Collier in the Mission, pending the reopening of Didsbury, and in his letters from India he frequently referred to that as being the course which he would prefer to follow if he had his way. And the motive at the back of it all was his strong sense that in its various activities, evangelistic, social, educational, recreative and industrial alike, the Mission was bringing in righteousness, the 'rightness' of relationships for which the gospel stands, as *the* remedy for the social ills of mankind.

But his keen sympathy with the positive work of the Mission was not his only contribution to the ideals of social righteousness in his city. He was always ready to speak on temperance platforms when he could snatch time to do so, and he was an active member of the great temperance societies. When a crusade was inaugurated against the proposal to choose a brewer as Lord Mayor of Manchester he was in the thick of the fight at once. He had no tolerance whatever for the liquor trade, because it had no compassion for the sorrows of mankind, and it seemed to him to be an intolerable affront to the community that an active participant in that heartless and anti-social trade should be elevated to the position of Manchester's chief citizen. He brought in no personalities and suggested no personal unworthiness on the part of the proposed Lord Mayor, but he maintained that his trade disqualified him for such an office, and that no one who was involved in such a trade could adequately and impartially

deal as chief magistrate with crime so largely the result of that baneful trade. Of course they were beaten. Such efforts seldom succeed, for the forces against them are enormously powerful; but they bore their witness, they cleared their conscience, and they sowed their seed.

A chivalrous sympathy with the distressed and the wronged was one of the most outstanding notes in James Hope Moulton's make-up. To a cry of distress he was always responsive, and fearless knight-errantry always characterized him. Even in his early diaries his estimates of people are characterized by generosity and appreciativeness at an age when the critical faculty is usually aggressive and infallibility most pronounced; and in later life he was ever ready to afford chivalrous help to a worker with whose methods he himself might not be in sympathy, but who was being blessed to others. Political oppression, whether of the countryside Nonconformist at home or of the man of colour by the Anglo-Indian abroad,

roused his anger almost to the point of fierceness; and the sense of fellowship with the victims of squire and parson tyranny as he knew it in East Anglia was always present with him.

Of course he had the defects of his qualities—most people have. His pupil, Mr. Howard, whose discerning appreciation I have already quoted, points out that ‘he was the Rupert rather than the Cromwell of debate,’ and that ‘his enthusiasm often outran his judgement.’ But the parallel of the battle of Naseby must not be pressed too far. Rupert chased the few, and returned to find that the day had been lost and the main body of his army routed. J. H. Moulton had far too much sound sense to allow him to commit that blunder. He sometimes gave the impression of having seen only one side of a question and of having pressed it for more than it was worth, and certainly he often failed to make sufficient allowance for difficulties in the path of reform. But that was due partly to a sense of moral issues which

blocked out all else from his vision, and partly to a sanctified optimism which 'hoped all things.' And in Church life there is normally such a vast preponderance of those whose disposition is to magnify difficulties, that there is a great ministry open for the man who is big enough to look right over the obstacles which block the view of smaller men and see the goal.

In the third place he most certainly came into the category of 'Blessed are the peacemakers,' not because he was a somewhat outspoken pacifist prior to the war, but because he was conspicuously entrusted with a ministry of reconciliation. It may seem strange that one who was so pronounced in his advocacy should have been so universally relied upon to act as an intermediary between divergent interests and bodies of opinion, but so it was. His life was a kind of hospitable salon in which all kinds of opinions and interests—with certain well-marked exceptions—met without jostling, and undoubtedly with no small degree of mutual advantage.

To him was given a ministry of reconciliation :

(i) *Between Scholarship and Evangelism*, as has already been pointed out ; and in so acting he achieved no small good for both interests, in that the vision of each was enlarged, and grounds for ill-will lessened, by his having shown that the two could be united in one personality. When Sheffield University inaugurated a special service to be conducted at the opening of each academic year, the preacher being alternately from the ranks of the Church of England and the Free Churches, he was the first Nonconformist chosen. If ever a man might be pardoned for being academic it would be on such an occasion as that ; but J. H. Moulton was not academic. To him it was an occasion for a gospel sermon, and he took as his text ‘I came not to call the righteous but sinners.’

(ii) *Between Churches*.—He was the intimate friend of a host of Anglican dignitaries, and he was in the confidence of most leaders of Nonconformity ; and he

used these privileges, as his father had done before him, in the interests of achieving a better mutual understanding between those who differed. The secret of his healing influence is not far to seek. The Bishop of Manchester, in a personal letter which I am sure he will not mind my quoting, says of him: 'He could always see an opponent's point of view, and his own position rested on a basis of justice that was quite convincing.' It is a beautiful tribute, and covers a vast deal of ground. He worked hard and with ultimate success, on what came to be known as the Manchester Concordat, as to an educational settlement which would satisfy the legitimate aspirations of both sides. He took a prominent part in the promotion of united open-air services in the Manchester parks; and when replying at the Bradford Conference to the Bishop of Ripon and the Vicar of Bradford (Archdeacon Gresford Jones), who brought an address of welcome, he convulsed the assembly by describing how he and the Bishop were joint owners of three harmoniums which 'were not settled on any

model deed or anything approaching to it.' In that same speech he referred to the Edinburgh Conference, saying how the one great thing that laid hold upon his imagination was the possibility of so many joining together on things common to all, and there was not one sign of embarrassment, except that no one of them seemed to be able to put all he desired to say within the allotted time. Such were the activities with which he loved to busy himself, and it was but fitting that his last long conversation with Dr. Rendel Harris on the ill-fated *City of Paris* was on the subject of Free Church Union, and that his very last hours before the disaster were devoted to planning a concordat on that subject which might go out over their joint signatures.

(iii) *Between Religions*.—He believed with all his heart in the fact of that 'light which lighteth every man coming into the world,' and was prepared to believe that every great faith which had obtained a substantial hold upon the hearts of men had done so by virtue of some contribution

entrusted to them on behalf of the religious inheritance of the world; and he would maintain that this position was in no sense derogatory to Christianity, whose unique claim was that 'all things were summed up in Christ.' No one can read his writings on Zoroastrianism without being struck by the generous estimate which he formed of that faith, and the genuine and tender regret with which he noted the divergence between belief and practice in modern Parsism. In short, his treatment of non-Christian religions always took the form of what the Rev. A. H. Lowe excellently describes in a review of *The Treasure of the Magi* as 'tolerant polemic,' due weight being allowed to each factor. It is 'polemic' in that it is criticism firm and searching; but it is 'tolerant' in that there is the fullest disposition to give recognition to all that is worthy in another camp.

(iv) *Between Men of all Types.*—His correspondence and his personal intercourse were as varied as his father's had been,

and often it was with those whose opinions were poles apart from his own. When, for instance, Dr. J. G. Frazer was considering the pros and cons of going to Manchester, he wrote repeatedly and at great length to his friend, and said, 'Your friendship is one of the attractions of Manchester for me,' following a recognition of the widest divergence of views and the certain fact that 'we shall not convince each other.' This intermediate position is not an easy one to occupy. It requires strong convictions and keen perceptions if there is not to be a disposition to surrender too much for the sake of moderate agreement. But the man who is strong enough to hold his own, and intelligent enough to enter into the thoughts and feelings of another, has a fine ministry before him; and even if he never succeeds in bringing a single disputant round to his way of thinking, he will have rendered no small service in widening some one's vision and thought. Of course, when it came to intercourse with his two outstanding friends, Dr. Rendel

Harris and Dr. A. S. Peake, there was no question of composing differences or reconciling opposites, but of each contributing some fresh modicum of light upon the way which they were walking in common.

In the columns of the *Classical Review* there appeared, over the signature of Dr. A. S. Peake, an appreciation that is full of the love that is *not* blind, but loves all the more because it sees everything ; and in the following sentences he sums up his friend :

‘ Straight, clean, magnanimous, generous, unselfish, and free from littleness and jealousy, he was a friend and colleague in whom one could wholly trust ; virile in character and of irreproachable integrity, he was womanly in his tenderness, full of sympathy for the suffering and gentleness to the weak. His ample and varied learning raised no barrier between him and the illiterate, and the ministry he delighted to render them was neither spoiled by condescension nor chilled by aloofness. He could, and sometimes did, hit hard in

controversy, but never below the belt. He had, like the rest of us, his intellectual limitations. In his case it was especially his unsympathetic attitude towards philosophy, and perhaps one might add an occasional tendency to fancifulness in his treatment of history. But his range was wide, and on his own ground he was a great master.'

### *The War*

The European war, which was destined first to rob my brother of his eldest son and then to bring to a premature end his own life, was a cause not only of the deepest sorrow to him but of intellectual perplexity. For years he had strongly upheld the Quaker position with reference to war, and he was a vice-president of the Peace Society. With all the vehemence of an idealist he denounced not only war and war-makers, but also those whom he regarded as scare-mongers, because they held that Germany meant ultimately to fight us, and that our duty was to be ready.

In the earlier months of 1914 he had engaged in a literary duel with Mr. Coulson Kernahan in the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* on the subject of National Armaments, and more especially on compulsory national service. He maintained that 'in war and preparation for war we turn our backs on Christ,' that 'no Christian can consistently support conscription'; and it is abundantly clear that he disbelieved in the German determination to force on a conflict. But it came, and in its coming forced many people, my brother amongst them, to reconsider their position. There was no need to reconsider his position as to war in general, or as to the crime of provoking war; but the facts of the case forced him to realize that here was an issue whole hemispheres removed from the doubtful ethics and sordid aims which were mixed up with the South African War. He was in America when war broke out, and had no chance of making alterations or additions when the articles were reprinted, though on his return he did add

a postscript which appeared in further issues. He admitted, as he was bound to do, that his opponent had proved to be the truer prophet, and he urged that the ease with which the German military party led the whole nation into war-fever was due to the very national service against which he declaimed—a neat exploit in dialectics, if nothing else! But he was forced to realize that there was something to be reckoned with that he had left out of account. Granting that war is un-Christian and anti-Christian, what is to be the attitude of Christian people when an arrogant military power sets out to achieve world-hegemony by force, and begins by devastating, under the law of military necessity, a neighbouring country whose liberties it had sworn to protect? Nothing either in his sermon published by the Peace Society or in his contributions to the pamphlet, *The Black Hour*, had any vital bearing upon the new situation, and he evidently felt it was so. He declared that he had not changed his

views, and that was true ; but he very soon came to realize that a codicil was required to his last will and testament concerning war in the event of nations being thrown against their will into defensive warfare. At the Ministers' Fraternal in Manchester on October 20, he spoke on 'Christianity and Defensive Warfare,' and the address was published afterwards in the *London Quarterly Review*. It is very clear to any reader of that address that he was being torn in two between antagonistic forces. On the one side was the Quaker view of war, to which he had practically given his adherence for years, and to which he was the more closely bound by reason of his unqualified admiration for the Quaker contribution to religious and social life. On the other side was the consciousness that 'there is something instinctive within us that bids us interfere when a big bully is murdering a helpless child,' and that 'if the New Testament leaves no room at all for defence against a violent and unprovoked attack, must we not say that

its code is defective in practical applicability to the conditions of an imperfect world ?' In other words, a Jesus who made no call for the chivalrous championship of the oppressed and had no perception of practical issues was not, to him, the Jesus of the New Testament, whatever baldly literal interpretation of isolated texts might suggest ; and this address reveals the idealism of the earlier utterances, reinforced by candid common sense. 'War is from first to last un-Christian': there we have the idealist. 'But while on the one side it takes two to make a quarrel, it is also true that if one party determines to use violence the other party may have to choose between resistance and extermination': there we have practical common sense. While nothing would induce him to say anything, or permit anything to be said unchallenged in his presence, disrespectful to the Quaker attitude, his own position came to be, as he put it in one of his letters from India, that if he agreed with the war he had no right—or would

have had none if he had been of military age—to allow any one else to do his share of the fighting for him: if he did not agree with the war, then he had no right to avail himself of the services rendered by the Navy, and had better betake himself elsewhere. It is hard to get away from the logic of that dilemma, and his pilgrimage from sheer idealism to this blend of the idealistic and the practical is both interesting and characteristic.

As the issues involved are living ones for us all at the present moment it may be worth while to quote in full from some of his letters at the time. His letters from America during the early months of the war betray sore puzzlement as to the facts of the case and the interpretation to be put on them. Writing on August 8, 1914, from Mr. W. R. Moody's hospitable home at Northfield, Mass., he says:

‘The fact that he [Lord Morley] did resign makes me feel that there were responsible persons of the front rank who thought it feasible to decline Germany’s

challenge. On the information that got over here it was clearly impossible. Wilhelm cynically tore up treaties, attacked a little neutral power he had promised to respect, and they appealed to us. We bade him behave himself as a civilized person, and he declared war, as he would have done later if he had polished off France and Russia. Since it is at present hopeless to get more than one in a thousand to take our Quaker view, it seemed that to accept Wilhelm's challenge was the only possibility: it was a matter of absolute self-defence against the cynical and barbaric aggression of a militarist who regarded treaties as mere sentimentality—to quote Ralph's German instructor when R. challenged him about the strategic railways massed on the frontier of Belgium.'

That he was not altogether easy at having thus receded from the full Quaker position is constantly apparent; and yet his sound practical common sense always brought him round to the conclusion that there was no

other course open for us, and that if that was the case, then the whole body of citizens was involved.

*'September 29, 1914.*

'I still feel very strongly that unless nations do take the Quaker, that is the Christian, view, we had no alternative but to step in. But I want to step out as soon as ever we can make Germany yield to terms which it seems to me she might accept without losing her self-respect.'

The time had not yet come when Germany was to stand pilloried for infamy unparalleled in the history of warfare; and it is very certain that his tender and chivalrous nature would have boiled over with indignation at the atrocities which have been steadily coming to light. He wanted to think the best of a people whose scholars he esteemed so highly, the people to which his dear friend Adolf Deissmann belonged. But in this same letter he shows that his forbearance was being strained almost to breaking point.

‘ But all the idealist pictures of German unselfishness and of the wickedness of all the other nations in attacking her come badly to grief among the ashes of the Louvain libraries and the shattered walls of Rheims. And what is worse still, there are those intolerable outrages on helpless women and children, which it is no use for American commissions to deny just because the members of them have not seen them. My boy has talked with victims of them, and I suppose a woman who has got sabre slashes on her legs from a German soldier is a sufficiently difficult thing to explain away. It is frightfully difficult for those who wish well to the German people—and to wish well of course in the first place means to wish that the devil may be cast out of them.’

A later letter gives the conclusion of the whole matter so far as he was concerned, in terms eminently characteristic of his disposition :

‘ *July 6, 1916.*

‘ Of course *I* feel that being forced to

accept the war as a hideous necessity—the alternative of failing Belgium being too appallingly selfish to be thought of—I couldn't leave other people to do the dirty work. At Ralph's age I must have left them free to put me in the firing line, and prayed God that I might be a casualty before my gun found a billet.'

Before that letter reached us, Ralph had gone up to the firing line, and in two days been a casualty.

After the death of his son he manifests not bitterness—that was foreign to him—but the sense that this was a life-and-death struggle against savagery, to be carried through in the interests of all that was holy. His first letter after he received the news sounds a note not heard before :

' Strange that I who wrote as I did about war two and a half years ago should now be proud as well as heart-broken for a son who has given his life for his country ! We pacifists made one huge mistake : we didn't realize how fearfully evil militar-

ism is, and thought Germany was relatively sane. That we grappled with the wild beast in defence of humanity I cannot but approve even now.'

But there was another aspect of the case which he had to face. He was not only a private citizen and a Christian minister, but he was a vice-president of the Peace Society ; and there were those who were not slow to challenge the compatibility of his utterances with his position in the society.

In a letter, dated January 15, 1915, to his favourite newspaper, the *Westminster Gazette*, he put his position cogently to meet criticism from two different sides :

'I have the honour of being a vice-president of the Peace Society, which certainly holds that "war is inconsistent with Christian principles." But I have not felt any obligation to resign my connexion with the society, since I do not think its principles forbid such warfare as we are waging now. Of course, that is a matter

which could only be decided by a mass meeting of its members, which has not been called ; my own interpretation may quite possibly contravene that of the majority. I take it the present war is for us one of sheer self-defence, and even something still more altruistic—the defence of the weak who trusted our promise. A nation of convinced Christians would have acted for a generation past in such a way that the present situation could not have arisen. But it is obvious that idealist action is only possible in a community, every member of which is capable of following out all its implications. To refuse to fight, even in self-defence, and to accept even such consequences as Belgium shows to-day, would undoubtedly in the long run produce a spiritual victory like that of the early Church, which, by readiness to die and resolute denial of force, ultimately conquered the Roman Empire. Those who could take so heroic a line just now are few, and some even of them are hampered by the reflection that such action involves

refusal to help others who are not prepared to accept its consequences. A practical pacifist under present circumstances is driven, I believe, to accept the war and take whatever part he can therein, refusing to let proxies do the dangerous work if he is of military age. Meanwhile he strives to keep the door open for peace, provided it is not a mere truce, and to prepare the way for a genuine friendship between the peoples of England and Germany when this nightmare has passed. Since the 'Treitschke doctrine makes force justify itself by success, there is room for hope that failure may *ipso facto* discredit it in the minds of those reasonable and Christian Germans who are still hypnotized by it.'

Quite soon in the conflict he had to realize how bitter a cleavage the war was to make between him and his friend Adolf Deissmann of Berlin. For to him, Deissmann was not merely a fellow student in the same field of learning; he was a much loved friend, and the friendship

lasted to the end. Like the rest of the German professors, Deissmann took the fierce anti-British position, but in a country where both pastors and professors are the paid servants of the State, it was perhaps impossible for him to be otherwise, so far as any outward expression was concerned. For a considerable time a correspondence was carried on through a mutual friend, a Dutch professor; and it was in one of these letters that Deissmann wrote: 'In the 1870 war Germany fought and won, and that was the beginning of her end. In this struggle Britain will win, and that will be the beginning of her end.' The sinking of the *Lusitania* roused my brother to a great fury, as it well might; and in the postscript to his *War Time Paper* on 'British and German Scholarship,' he wrote: 'By these crimes official Germany has shown that there is no longer a conscience to appeal to; and if it proves that German civilians, including the professors, applaud these deeds, or even abstain from denouncing them, we must

feel that the gulf between Germany and the civilized world, first opened at Louvain and Rheims, has become too wide for us to bridge until time and God's Spirit have brought contrition.' To his friend he wrote with great frankness: 'It will be hard to be civil to any Germans until they have disavowed the *Lusitania*.' To this there came no reply; and if we reverse the situations and put ourselves in his place we are bound to recognize that no reply of a satisfactory character could be expected, or, if written, would have passed the Censor. But two extracts from his 'Protestant Weekly Letter,' which Deissmann sent me himself, through a Swiss intermediary, show how warm was the attachment notwithstanding the war. One is dated Berlin, June 5, 1915.

'There is no scholar, British or American, with whom, on account of long years of study in the same field, I am more befriended than with Dr. Moulton. For a considerable length of time both of us have tried

to find a place for the Greek of the Apostles, i.e. its proper historic and linguistic setting, and a lively correspondence found its supplement through repeated visits to England, the last one taking place three years ago, when, at the invitation of the University I spent a week-end in Manchester and had the pleasure to be the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Moulton in their charming home. Gradually, when in the course of years our esteem for each other grew, and a far-going agreement in theological and political questions showed itself, our close scientific relations deepened into a warm personal friendship, which even the terrible war could not destroy, although each of us with firm conviction stands for the cause of his own country, and although the communications between Manchester and Berlin naturally have come to a standstill. . . . In the case of my correspondence with Prof. Moulton the zig-zag made was transatlantic . . . my thoughts, however, have never taken such a zig-zag course; during all these criti-

cal days of woe and trouble, and in deep sorrow over the conflict between European powers, I have thought of my true friend in Manchester. His whole-hearted patriotism was no secret to me, and he in turn knew that I was ready, if necessary, to suffer and die for my country. But the mutual trust did not grow less on that account.'

This letter, which in the main had dealt with complaints as to ill-treatment of German missionaries from the Cameroons as they passed through Liverpool, closed with a reference to my brother's eldest son, Ralph, who 'had entered the ranks of the British army as a volunteer. The high regard in which I have always held my friend has thereby only been increased and transferred upon the son as well. The man who with clean heart and pure motives is willing to lay down his life for his country is entitled to the highest esteem even from his political enemy; and I am confident that the more sons from England's best

families enlist as soldiers in the army of a country which has thus far carried on more wars and shed more blood in Europe, Asia, and America than any other nation in the history of the world, the quicker it will develop into a peace-loving and peace-promoting state. The world would utter a sigh of relief if with compulsory military service in England would go along the general conviction of the terribleness of war, as it has become part of our flesh and blood, and for this reason makes a frivolous offensive war impossible.'

The indictment of our past record in respect of war is historically sound, unless Spain ought to be placed at the head of the list; and many of us hold that *in a country equipped with effective democratic institutions* a citizen army is less likely to be aggressively warlike than a professional army. But Dr. Deissmann is doing us injustice in the inference suggested in the last paragraph—that our pugnacity promoted this war; for the testimony

of Prince Lichnowsky may be taken as having once and for all disposed of that allegation. Indeed one great question-mark might with propriety be placed over the whole paragraph, suggesting as it does the picture of poor innocent, pacific Germany involved in the terrors of war through the fire-eating propensities of the Anglo-Saxon ! That one so transparently sincere should have been able to write thus only shows how completely the whole nation was fooled by its militarist leaders and their agents: and the subsequent events constitute the nemesis on that campaign of lying.

On May 14, 1917, Deissmann writes :

‘ I received from Switzerland and Holland the news that my most trusted personal friend in England, who, also as a specialist, was very much valued by me, Prof. J. H. Moulton, of Manchester University, lost his life at the beginning of April, through the destruction of his ship when sailing through the forbidden zone on his way from India. The last letter which I received from him, dated February, 1917,

told me of his intentions to return to England from India. The brave man faced without illusion the chance of the death which, in fact, he has met. A flood of heavy thoughts came over me as I received this news. I hope to say more when I have received particulars, but at first all other things are eclipsed behind the sense of irreparable loss both for scholarship and for the circle of his friends. I have therefore given, on May 9, at the opening session of the New Testament Seminar at Berlin, a memorial address, paying tribute to his work and to that of Prof. Caspary René Gregory, who has fallen in France for the German cause, a memorial which, in the distressing strife of nations turned enemies, was due to a feeling which was in spite of the war the outcome of respectful love which escapes the grave.'

It would be easy to insert marks of exclamation and interrogation at places in these letters also—as, for instance, at the

reference to the 'forbidden zone,' and the linking together of the death of a soldier on the field and the murder of a civilian by torpedo outrage. Patriotism is a strange thing, terribly prone to distort the vision and warp the judgement even of the best, and perhaps *we* did not always see and judge the things of ourselves and our enemies with perfect fairness during that time of strain and stress. But one thing is very clearly marked in these letters—the fact of a loving and tender nature, capable of friendship to an uncommon degree, and able to retain that friendship even amid the bitterest international struggle the world has ever known.

One of the last letters my brother ever received from his friend was characteristic. Deissmann had been deducing, with more cogency to himself than to those not his fellow countrymen, a promise of German victory out of a passage in the sixth chapter of the Apocalypse. I do not know whether my brother took him to task for his interpretation, but within a short time there

came back from Berlin the following missive :

‘ 13-1-15.

‘ And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men . . . and they shall be His people . . . and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and there shall be no more death . . . And He that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new . . . I am the Alpha and the Omega.

A. D.

‘ Dr. James Hope Moulton,  
‘ Manchester.’

‘ That was all, but it was much. It was the avowal by a devout soul of a conviction that God alone could unravel the tangle of human relationships and bring order out of chaos : and after all there is more hope of ultimate rightmindedness in an enemy who places his faith sincerely there than in a fellow countryman who leaves God out. It cannot be that in the end, when all know even as they are known, Adolf Deissmann and James Hope Moulton will be in opposing camps.

## IV

### INDIA

#### *The Call*

JUNE, 1915, found my brother overwhelmed with a great sorrow. His wife, with whom he had spent close upon twenty-five years of singularly happy married life, was slightly ailing, as it seemed, and on expert advice an operation was decided upon. Satisfactory recovery seemed to be made, and there was nothing to suggest complications until suddenly, on June 7, new symptoms made their appearance, her condition became rapidly worse, and in a few days she passed away. There is no call to dwell upon such matters here. Those who have experienced such bereavements will understand, and those who have not experienced them will not understand

for all that might be said ; and there are in life both joys and sorrows too sacred for many words.

Immediately after the funeral my brother came on to us at Cliff College, whither the children had preceded him within a few hours of their mother's death. It was on the following Sunday he received the letter from Dr. J. N. Farquhar inviting him to make the Indian tour. For my own part I cannot regard it as other than an interposition of a kindly and tender Providence that, just at the time when the very light of life seemed to have gone out, there should have come to him that which was bound to divert his thoughts into a new channel ; and while in no sense thrusting into the background the ever-present sense of tragic loss, to preclude the brooding which could only have made it more tragic still. A passionate grief found itself alongside of a passionate call to living service, and the two acted and interacted as a work of grace on his mind and heart.

For ' Foreign Missions ' was to him no

mere section of his Church's activities to be taken or left according to personal predilection ; it was the very reason for the Church's existence and the condition of the Church's vitality. Therefore, at the risk of harking back to what has already been suggested, and of making a considerable digression, it will be worth while at this point to dwell upon the growth of so important a phase of his religious thinking.

Any estimate of his attitude to such matters must begin with Prof. E. B. Cowell and his influence ; for although the missionary atmosphere of our up-bringing and the inspiration that came with the visits of Dr. Egan Moulton, David Hill, William Goudie, J. A. Elliott, and others straight from the field, were calculated to awaken and quicken a living interest in world evangelization, when it came to deep thinking on comparative religion as a factor in missionary psychology and practice, it was Cowell to whom he owed as much as to any, and more. In the fifties of last

century Cowell had taught Persian to his friend Edward Fitzgerald at Oxford and had urged him to translate Omar Khayyam. In 1856 he took up a professorship at Calcutta University, returning to England in 1864, and was elected to the new professorship of Sanskrit at Cambridge in 1867, a post which he retained until his death in 1903. All these years, during which he was accumulating ever increasing stores of learning concerning Eastern religions, he remained a simple, convinced, humble believer in the faith which is in Christ Jesus ; and it is easy to see distinct traces of his influence upon the eager young classical student who specialized in his own section of the Tripos. It was fitting that my brother should have written a review of the memoir of his master and friend ;\* and in that review he makes quotations which, had there been no 'setting,' might perfectly well have been taken for expressions of his own opinions. For instance, Cowell ' writes from India

\* *London Quarterly Review*, January, 1905.

of his reading the story of the Madagascan martyrs, and passing it on to his students, to whom he expounded his conviction that "as the attacks seem to thicken against the external evidences of Christianity, the internal evidences are only more and more strengthened." . . . We read how he would take voluntary classes in the New Testament at his house, or in a room near the college, attended by earnest and intelligent men, with whom he would often spend long hours in private, talking over their difficulties of belief and leading them persuasively to Christ. The testimonies which followed him on his return to England showed eloquently how many men were brought to know the Saviour by his teaching and example. Thirty years afterwards we find him writing at length on a Sunday afternoon to one of these old pupils, and expressing in beautiful words the serenity of an old man's faith. His catholic spirit is well shown in a letter to his mother from India. "You would have been a little startled," he writes, "at a letter I wrote

to a Babu lately, whom I have helped by a recent correspondence in settling some Unitarian difficulties. He wanted to know the differences between Church and Dissent. I told him they belonged to the region of *feeling* not *conscience*. Those who by temperament admired antiquity and system and held by the aristocratic part of our constitution, would prefer the Church; while the lovers of change and reform and the democratic principle would, as a rule, prefer Dissent. To my mind, any hymn-book or missionary history is a convincing proof that the Spirit's influence is diffused on *each!*''' Would it not be easy to imagine James Hope Moulton having written such words? Is it fanciful to see in such a friendship at a formative period a powerful influence which went out far beyond philology and scholarship, and invited exploration of the roads by which the human heart has set out to find an unknown God—unknown although not far from any one of us? Thus, unconsciously, the hours spent on Section E of

the Classical Tripos, Part II, were destined to bear fruit in a field far enough removed from the purely academic; and the fact of Prof. E. B. Cowell's direct and demonstrable influence upon my brother in these respects must constitute my defence for having thus dwelt upon him and his personality.

The nature of the invitation to visit India may be gathered from Dr. Farquhar's 'Foreword' to *The Treasure of the Magi*, which my brother wrote while in India, and which was indeed part of the programme and purpose of the visit:

'In the autumn of 1915, on the invitation of the Indian National Council of the Y.M.C.A., three scholars from England, Dr. T. R. Glover of Cambridge, Dr. James Hope Moulton of Manchester, and Professor George Hare Leonard of Bristol, went out to spend a year in India. The plan was that these men, who were distinguished alike for their writings and for their close contact with the student world,

should spend this year in studying some of the problems of education and of religion in India, getting time for making friendships with Indians, and at the same time doing some lecturing and writing. And whilst each was asked to travel for part of the time in order to see something of India and to visit the missions of his own Communion, he was also invited to spend several months in a single community, in order to have time for closer study and for the forming of closer friendships. It was hoped that books of considerable value might result from this close contact of English thinkers with the religious thought of India. All did excellent service by lecturing to mixed audiences in various centres and by teaching groups of Christian students ; and they were everywhere welcomed with the deep respect which scholarship meets in India and with great cordiality. Even more significant than this interest which their lectures stirred up were the friendships which they made with Indians and which they valued very greatly.

‘ To Dr. Moulton the invitation was full of attractiveness. He was always a missionary enthusiast, and he was thrilled by the prospect of seeing the field for himself. For years he had studied the religion of the Parsis, and now there opened out before him the opportunity of personal intercourse with them. Under ordinary conditions it would not have been possible to entertain the proposition on account of other duties ; but the war had so affected all theological colleges that a prolonged absence could be contemplated as not involving of necessity any serious interruption of his normal work. . . . He had been invited to go to India largely that he might use his ripe Iranian scholarship in lecturing to the Parsis on Zoroastrianism, and he received from that community everywhere proofs of the warmest possible friendship and regard and of the keenest interest in his teaching. . . . At the time when he decided to go to India Dr. Moulton agreed to prepare the volume which is herewith published. His Iranian studies

had already given him all the scientific preparation required, while the experience he was about to have among Parsis would give that intercourse with those who profess Zoroastrianism which is required in order to fulfil the condition laid down for the volumes of this series in the Editorial Preface.' \*

It will make clearer the motive and spirit of the whole enterprise if one paragraph from that Editorial Preface to which Dr. Farquhar refers be quoted ; for it presents in a few words the conceptions of those far-seeing men who were planning this new type of approach to the non-Christian mind ; and although it refers not to one book but to the whole series, yet it does expound the spirit in which my brother went out to India and in which he wrote

\* The Series to which *The Treasure of the Magi* belongs is entitled *The Religious Quest of India* (Oxford University Press), and is edited by Dr. J. N. Farquhar, Literary Secretary, National Y.M.C.A. Council, India and Ceylon ; and Dr. H. D. Griswold, Secretary of the Council of the American Presbyterian Mission in India.

the book which he completed just before he left.

‘ They [the writers of the several volumes] seek to set each form of Indian religion by the side of Christianity in such a way that the relationship may stand out clear. Jesus Christ has become to them the light of all their seeing, and they believe Him destined to be the Light of the World. They are persuaded that sooner or later the age-long quest of the Indian spirit for religious truth and power will find in Him at once its goal and a new starting-point, and they will be content if the preparation of this series contributes in the smallest degree to hasten this consummation. If there be readers to whom this motive is unwelcome, they may be reminded that no man approaches the study of a religion without religious convictions, either positive or negative : for both reader and writer, therefore, it is better that these should be explicitly stated at the outset. Moreover, even a complete lack of sympathy with

the motive here acknowledged need not diminish a reader's interest in following an honest and careful attempt to bring the religions of India into comparison with the religion which to-day is their only possible rival, and to which they largely owe their present noticeable and significant revival.'

From what has already been said as to the general character of his disposition, moral, intellectual, and spiritual, it will be recognized at once that no one could be better fitted for such a mission than James Hope Moulton. His evangelical passion, enriched by open-mindedness and chivalrous sympathy, made him the man for the task, and the task the very thing for him especially at such a juncture. This view was cordially taken by those under whose direction he had been working, whether in the Church or the University. His decision was rapidly arrived at, and endorsed by those to whom it was submitted. Three summer months were closely filled up with

preparations of various kinds: arrangements were made for Harold and Helen, the two younger children, to make their home with us at such times as they were not at school—Ralph was already in khaki—and in October he sailed from Marseilles for Bombay, and we never saw him again.

### *Some Aspects of the Tour*

It is neither possible nor necessary to describe the course of such a tour; but there are many of its phases which may with advantage be singled out as shedding light upon both his character and his influence. He wrote home voluminous letters which went the round of about eight relatives and intimate friends. These letters total up to nearly a million words in all; and from these it is easy to gather his impressions as to what he met with, although they are not for the most part very quotable, neither would they present a very clear idea of an itinerary except to such as were prepared to go through

them with a large scale map ready to hand.

Although Bombay was his first objective, and in a sense his main sphere of service during the tour—owing to its being the strongest centre for Parsism—he was not by any means shut up to that one sphere. We find him visiting the historic scenes at Lucknow and Delhi, and rejoicing in the history daily made in the great mission centres of Medak and Nizamabad. He spent a considerable time at Bangalore and Coimbatore, stayed at Government House, Ootacamund, visited Poona, crossed to Ceylon, planned a flying visit to Madras—whereby hangs a tale—and repeatedly returned to Bombay for a greater or less period. It was a strenuous time, and all those characteristics which have already been referred to as marking his Cambridge life—what may be called the AFAN note—reappear on the Indian field with more serious results. Dr. Mackichan, the Principal of Wilson College, Bombay, and more

recently Moderator of the United Free Church of Scotland, whose generous hospitality my brother repeatedly enjoyed, and to whom he was indebted for many a kindness, told me that he was appalled to note the change for the worse that had taken place in his general aspect between his first and his last visit to Wilson College ; and he went so far as to give it as his opinion that had he spared himself and made more allowance for Indian conditions and Indian climate he would have been in a position to put up a stronger fight against exhaustion in the hour of need. He travelled sixteen thousand miles in seventeen months under the trying conditions of Indian travel ; he was constantly preaching, lecturing, and speaking at conferences, and as constantly writing articles for various publications in India, England, and America. Amid it all he accomplished the difficult feat of concentrating his mind sufficiently upon a highly technical subject to be able to write what was characterized by an expert as a

brilliant book, *The Treasure of the Magi*, the whole of which was written in the first instance upon the backs of letters, &c., which is suggestive as to the conditions under which it saw the light.

All this hustle was not only temperamental, it was the outcome of an ever-present sense of duty to be fulfilled and opportunity to be seized. One of the last sermons he preached in India was from the words 'I must,' and it was characteristic of him that he should take such a theme, for to him the whole visit was not a tour but a mission. 'Does anything matter now,' he writes, 'save to do what one can to advance the coming of the Kingdom where none shall hurt or destroy?'

And what was the disposition that lay behind all this restless activity and tireless devotion to duty? For one thing there was an unquenchable optimism that grew out of the very centre of his gospel. There is not only poetry but vision in the choice of the text for his first sermon on Indian soil: 'It was now dark, and Jesus had

not yet come.' All the three ideas enshrined in the simple statement of fact which is at the same time the enunciation of a philosophy of missions—the need of the heathen world, the sense of a better day to come, and the ground of the hope—these in one form or other constituted his basis of appeal. He would have none of Kipling's familiar dictum concerning East and West never meeting—so true of the ordinary things of human experience and yet so false in face of the applicability of the gospel to both Jew and Greek, bond and free. 'I want,' he writes, 'to miss nothing of the Spirit which shines in many dark places, for I am sure that the first great Christian missionary was right when he declared that God had never left Himself without witness. But I shall not pretend to think that these are anything but broken lights of Him who came to bring the dawning of the perfect day.'

But with all his optimism he was far too sane and well-balanced to allow any of his preconceptions to block out of sight

the stern facts of the case and to imagine that the difficulties were either non-existent or due to sheer perversity and culpable blindness. His letters reveal him as constantly on his guard against that kind of intellectual exclusiveness which has got no use for those who think and speak in an idiom differing from his own. He found himself in India face to face not only with heathenism but with types of Christian expression to which he was a total stranger and not altogether a sympathetic one by nature. It was this very fact, doubtless, which led him to write one of those self-revealing passages concerning himself which betoken his real greatness. Speaking of certain Conventions into which he had been drawn, not altogether willingly, he writes: 'My experience of them is small, but I am going to do my best to profit in this to which I have come. I know I am in great danger of being supercilious towards things which do not quite coincide with my own angle, and these meetings may be a wholesome discipline. So far as I

can analyse my own instincts, my feeling towards the “Keswicky” is very much like that which nearly always finds things that jar when I go to an Anglican service ; and then I get angry with myself because of the difficulty of formulating reasonably the things I don’t like. As often as not, my intellectual power of seeing two sides of a question—a power which I am glad to believe grows with the years—tells me that there is something to be said for the things that rub me up the wrong way. And then it becomes hard to acquit myself of mere *hauteur* !’ A trained thinker who was possessed of such a spirit of humility and teachableness, could not fail to learn from every source—whether Keswick or Bombay or Benares ; and, what counts for yet more, it is that spirit which is calculated to impress itself most deeply upon those who are to be the scholars of to-morrow.

It was fitting that James Hope Moulton’s first direct introduction to the mission field should have been by a way of approach

which had for its first objective the student life of the country, for he had long recognized that the most fruitful type of missionary work was that which strove to build up a native evangelism through the impact of the best student life of the West upon the student life of the East. I have before me as I write two articles which he contributed to the *Methodist Recorder* of January 9, 1896, and January 9, 1908, both of them dealing with meetings of the World Conference of the Student Missionary Union, Liverpool being the place of meeting on each occasion. It is impossible to escape from the sense of urgency which possessed him on this matter of world-evangelization as the primary responsibility of the Church, and his heart was strangely warmed by the sheer fact of such assemblies of student life for such a purpose, altogether apart from any particular line of advocacy adopted.

And now, through the far-sighted Christian statesmanship of the Y.M.C.A., he finds himself, as it were, in the thick of a

student movement, prepared to give of his best to it, and, unconsciously to himself, called to contribute to its efficiency not only by what he knew, but also by what he was ! A dogmatic assertive apologetic, however sincere and convinced, was not half so likely to win the assent of the thoughtful man of the East as the humble and teachable spirit which, while certain of its own ground, is so abundantly willing to believe the best of other phases of thought; and one is quite prepared to hear of the warm expressions of gratitude which poured upon him from all sides for an apologetic which made more certain the message of every worker.

He went out full of deep sympathy with missionaries and their work ; but he came away with the sense that our highest appreciations fall miserably short of the merits of the case. He was stirred to the depths of his being by the heavenly strategy, the selfless heroism, the unfaltering fidelity of the men and women on the foreign field, as he saw it ; and the triumphs

of the gospel as he saw them at Nizamabad, at Medak, at Benares, and many other centres thrilled him through and through.

It was entirely characteristic of his outlook upon the world that the work of the Rev. C. P. Cape among the Doms of Benares should have come peculiarly near to his heart ; and to his chivalrous nature the very fact of this work being done at all constituted a veritable Christian apologetic. ‘The Doms,’ he writes, ‘are the municipal scavengers, for whom Hinduism can find no footing in the temple. The Doms must be enumerated in the census as Hindus, and so swell the superiority of the Hindu over the Moslem. But though I have seen a temple where dogs are encouraged to enter, the Dom is admitted to none. He is a hereditary thief and an easy prey to the drink-fiend. Even Government harries him. Let an undiscovered theft have taken place in a Dom’s neighbourhood, the police will seek the Dom who has the largest record of convictions and send him to prison to encourage

the rest ! What was the use of trying to escape from crime ? Every man's hand was against him, and he might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb. . . . Could man sink lower ? Could any power on earth uplift such men ? Most certainly not. Hinduism was content to draw back its garment's hem for fear of defilement. Government alternately put them in jail and moved them on. Why not try education ? Educate a Dom ! Open a night-school for the monkeys ! But the fact is that to-day the Doms are not in prison, nor in the drink-shop. They have got a new hope. Somebody has touched them, and virtue has gone out from Him. It is just the old, old story, but it is a New Song, quite different from its myriad predecessors in the angel's music-rolls. My readers know how it is done. A man who has let the love of Christ embody itself in him goes to the hopeless and degraded, and there is a new creation at once.'

The sequel to this work of grace deserves to be told although it does not actually

belong to my brother's life. The story is given by the Rev. William Goudie in *The East and the West* as follows :

‘The Doms are the scavengers of the city, and many of them who at the missionary’s request enlisted to serve with the Indian army in France have won strong commendation from British officers who have seen their work. It was a great risk to send such men into such conditions unshepherded, and a young teacher of their own tribe was found who, it was hoped, might be able to go with them. He had been taught in the mission school, he wore the decent clothes of his new profession, and lived in some comfort. He was willing to go. “But,” said the missionary, “you must lay aside those clothes, dress as your father dressed, and go among the scavengers as a scavenger.” “Then I will go as a scavenger,” he said; and so he went, following, in his own life and station, another who humbled Himself and took upon himself the form of a servant.’

To the missionaries my brother’s visit

was no small encouragement and inspiration, as is shown by a large number of letters. Apart from the specific value of his teaching and the inspiration of his fellowship there is little doubt that with his world-wide distinction he helped to strengthen the status of the workers and the work with which he associated himself. It was less easy for the supercilious to sniff contemptuously at the plain man's message of salvation when that same message was proclaimed with the backing of so great intellectual attainments. And to the jaded and depressed it was something—and no mean something either—that such an one cared, and cared sufficiently, to make their anxieties and burdens his own.

There once came into the range of vision a possibility of his settling down at least for a time in India. It would be too much to say that it ever got beyond the stage of a bare possibility, but the very fact of the proposition being made at all is interesting and significant, for it centred in the

suggestion that he should take the principalship of the Hindu College at Benares, the nucleus of the new Hindu University. The post had been offered to Prof. G. H. Leonard, one of his associates in the Indian tour, who had been compelled to decline it on the ground of obligations at home. They then turned to my brother and informally approached him through an intermediary; would he consider it if he were asked? The answer, so far as this sketch is concerned, had best be given in his own words as contained in a letter dated May 14, 1916, for the passage is a self-revealing one on other things than the matter immediately on hand:

‘You will see at once why I did not simply say to Saunders,\* “Of course, the idea is impossible.” It may be I am more inclined to-day than yesterday to say it *is*. But it is like one other audacious proposal that came to me nearly thirty years ago—when Welldon asked me to take a mastership at Harrow—a thing that

\* Indian Secretary of the Y.M.C.A.

one felt to be impossible, and yet too important in its openings to be pushed aside without the most conscientious investigation. I have written home . . . and here I have talked to a committee of contiguous W.M.S. men . . . and have put to them all one question: What do you think is the missionary value of such an appointment, supposing they will take me on my own terms? Those terms would be expressed something like this: "I should undertake to act like a gentleman and a Christian, and take no unfair advantage from my position. But I must be as free to let all people know my religion as you are with yours. I cannot be muzzled in preaching; I must be free to expound Christianity as well as other religions in my lectures with absolute fairness to all; I must be allowed to offer voluntary expositions of the Bible. If you like to take me on these terms—well and good; if you don't—and I don't expect you will—I go back to work at home with a strong sense of relief, which

I should feel as strongly if you made it Rs.12,000 instead of Rs.1,200 a month (and house). I am willing to make a big sacrifice if I can be quite sure I can really serve India. But if I am going to be hampered by a Board that will not trust me, I no longer feel constrained to make the sacrifice." Of course, coming here would mean a very poor chance for my Greek work; Sanskrit and Hinduism would demand much of my time, teaching and administration more. No salary would compensate for that. What it would mean to be separated from my children I need not try to say. And if missionary value is to be the test, I have to put in the other scale the evident fact that experience of India should make my service of missions at Didsbury probably quite equal to anything I could do under such conditions. That's the case in a nutshell. . . . My missionary friends are surprisingly unanimous, while careful to premise that they can only speak from the South Indian conditions, where Hinduism is much more

cast-iron (should I say caste-iron ?) than in the North. Dr. Skinner said that if they would accept me on my own terms he would say 'Go.' But like all the rest he felt the overwhelming improbability that they would capitulate so far, in spite of the astounding fact that they have already asked a Christian minister. And even if they bound themselves to give me a free hand, it would be no guarantee that they wouldn't start a cabal as soon as I said or did something they did not approve, which wouldn't be long, even though Mrs. Besant and her Theosophist Principal Arundale are out of it.'

It is easy enough to see now that there was no possible chance of the conditions being bearable for both sides if the invitation were given—which it was not ; and I have only referred to it at length because it is a tribute to his scholarship that he should have been considered desirable, and to his open-mindedness that he should have been considered possible for such a post. The view he expresses in the above

letter is indubitably sound, and reveals a man who, while he had his 'eyes lift up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, the law of truth writ upon his lips, and the world as cast behind him,' had his feet on solid earth and faced the facts of the situation. The project so far as he was concerned came to nothing, but there is every reason for satisfaction that the idea should have been mooted.

It is interesting to note that in a sense the situation had been thought out for him some years before on another but somewhat parallel field. Of all his correspondents none counted for more to him than Dr. J. G. Frazer,\* whose researches in Comparative Religion and cognate subjects have given to the author of *The Golden Bough* a unique position in the esteem of the scholarly world. No difference of religious faith set up any barrier between them, and their correspondence was of a very constant and intimate character. My brother seemingly

\* Now Sir J. G. Frazer.

kept every line that Dr. Frazer wrote him, for I have found in the bulky case filled with his letters, post cards on such immaterial things as invitations to lunch ! It is evident that the great investigator found no small comfort and encouragement in the unfeigned interest and sympathy of so competent a scholar, who approached the question from so different an angle ; and probably—nay, certainly—he thought all the better of him for his loyalty to a faith which he had found true and satisfying. Amid all the discouragement which naturally came to the victim of shallow and undiscerning reviews of pioneer work, which was simply out of reach of the understanding of most of the reviewers, Dr. Frazer would turn to the Wesleyan professor and write with great frankness and warmth ; and I need no letters of my brother's to tell me what kind of reply he would send.

A letter quoted above (p. 109), refers to the proposal that Dr. Frazer should come to Manchester as Professor of Comparative

Religion ; and another letter, dated April 10, 1904, goes into the question at considerable length. I quote it at length because it gives, twelve years beforehand, the soundest grounds for the decision at which my brother arrived with reference to the Benares proposition. Dr. Frazer writes as follows :

‘ As to Manchester, about which you speak so kindly, I was asked whether I should be willing to accept the chair of Comparative Religion if it were offered to me, and I said I might do so on certain conditions. But I am in two minds about it. I have begun to doubt whether, with my views on religion in general and Christianity in particular, it would be right for me to accept a teaching post in a Theological Faculty instituted by Christians for Christians, in particular for men training for the Christian ministry. How does it strike you ? Please tell me quite frankly as a friend. What would you do yourself in a similar position, e.g. if you were asked

to lecture on religion to Buddhists and Mohammedans with an implied stipulation that you should say nothing that should hurt their feelings as Buddhists and Mohammedans, and nothing that should reveal that you were a Christian? Would you accept a teaching post on such terms? I have grave doubts whether I can do so. The case would be quite different if the chair were established independently of any Theological Faculty, and to teach the subject simply as a branch of knowledge, unconnected with any creed, like mathematics or astronomy. To make the supposed parallel complete, the chair of religion offered to you should be established and endowed by Buddhists and Mohammedans for the training of their respective clergy, and you should be asked to take their money and train them for their work as Buddhist and Mohammedan priests, while promising implicitly never to drop a hint that you regarded Buddhism and Mohammedanism as false. I begin, I think, to foresee your answer, and my own. But

please write to me fully and frankly on the subject. I shall regard it as a real act of friendship if you do.'

I wonder whether my brother ever recalled this correspondence when he came to face a situation which had so many points of similarity and upon which his loyalty to principle led him to a decision along the same line as that arrived at by his friend whose religious position differed so much from his own. But there is no doubt that Frazer at Cambridge and Moulton in India acted alike under the guidance of the same Spirit of Truth, however differently they might have defined that Spirit. *There is a light that lighteth every man coming into the world.*

It would be unfair both to him and to others to attempt to give any estimates he formed concerning Indian thought, and especially religious thought, as a whole. He was the very last man to indulge in the shallow and pretentious egotism which, after a hurried tour of inspection on a wide field, and under the

guidance of avowed partisans, sits down to write 'The Truth about ——!' He formed his own impressions and expressed them frankly and emphatically in his letters home; but there is a difference between the informal home letter and pronouncement of the printed page which goes out to the public as a considered judgement! Probably he would have sat down to frame some such considered judgement on all the facts as he had gathered them, had he ever been allowed to reach home; and possibly his judgement would have carried weight just because it came from one who was well-informed and well-equipped and sympathetic, and yet detached. But he would have been the first to lay down that any such reasoned estimate on the whole question of Christianity in India could only be formed under conditions more favourable to consecutive thought than the rush of a mission tour.

It will not be claiming too much for James Hope Moulton to say that his open-mindedness constituted no mean

qualification for usefulness in India. The Englishman is always accused—sometimes unjustly—of insular prejudice; and certainly there is no doubt that as a nation we are not particularly ready to be intellectually sympathetic towards other bodies of thought than our own. We are not necessarily harsh towards them, but we are reserved and somewhat exclusive; and between the two minorities of those who will look at nothing new and those who will coquette with anything because it is new, there is the great average mass of intelligent people who are dominated to such an extent by a kind of intellectual conservatism that they are relatively slow to give adequate recognition to ideas which come out of a camp so far removed from their own. James Hope Moulton went out equipped with strong and well-tested convictions on many subjects—religious, ethical, political; but also with a scholar's aptitude to learn and readiness to revise opinions in face of further evidence. And in this case it was the evidence which

told him that what held good of one civilization did not necessarily hold good of another. His religious faith he knew to be for all—Jew and Greek, bond and free alike ; but he very soon learned that his political faith could not be applied as it stood to India without very serious danger. The eager Home Ruler recognized, for instance, that the principle which in home politics had been the very pole-star of his thinking would in India have worked out in the direction of the oligarchic tyranny of the Brahmin, narrow, prejudiced, unequal, and in every way antagonistic to that conception of popular self-government which was so dear to him. In like manner on the difficult questions of religious education—such matters, for instance, as the conscience clause and concurrent endowment—he fully recognized that were he called upon to act in India it would be along very different lines from those which he would unhesitatingly follow in England. His voluminous ‘circular letters’ from India are very self-revealing in a great

many directions, and nowhere more than in this.

His 'interim judgements' are moderate, discerning, and very much along the line of what we have learned from our most far-seeing missionaries. He was unfavourably impressed with the pliability of the Hindu, as with the credulity which will swallow 'camel miracles of his own, and strain out the gnats of the gospel stories'; and his thinking appeared inconsequent to the Westerner; but there is always the readiness on my brother's part to admit that his judgements were those of the visitor and only given as showing how things impressed him. But the conclusion of the whole matter is always the same to him from whichever side he approaches it—the hopeless darkness of heathenism unilluminated by the gospel. 'The incomparable elevation of their creed [i.e. that of the Parsis] above the Moslem's helps them no more to be worthy of it than does Islam's superiority over Hinduism help Moslems to behave better than the Hindu.

It is staring one in the face that without the touch of Christ the purest Theism is helpless. It reminds me of what J. A. Hutton put so finely at the Foreign Missionary Anniversary in the Albert Hall last April—the Kaiser talks much of *Gott* but never of *Christus*; and with the Christ interpretation thrust into the background, *Gott* can sink to a mere war-demon.'

On one occasion, and one only, I believe, during his sojourn in India did he come into any serious conflict with native opinions. He had been booked for a term's lecturing at Madras during the later part of 1916, and that visit was anticipated with great interest both by himself and by the Wesleyan Mission at which he was to live. But, unfortunately, a passing reference in one of his *Methodist Recorder* articles to a certain Hindu goddess as a she-devil, was promptly transmitted—it is easy to see by whom—to India, and was used to inflame opinion against the Western professor, and incidentally against the Wesleyan missionaries who were to be his

hosts. These crafty Brahmins succeeded in persuading the Maharajah that this insult to the particular object of his devotion was a studied insult to himself, and there was no difficulty in creating an amount of feeling which rendered it unwise to carry out the plan as arranged: indeed, there were hints of possible violence, and also representations to the Government as to breach of religious non-interference! That one so open-minded and so generous to other bodies of opinion than his own should have been subjected to this humiliation was extraordinary, and to my brother it was extremely painful, especially because at one time there seemed to be a reason to fear lest the mission might be compromised and brought into difficulty thereby. Eventually means were found whereby the mind of the Maharajah was disabused of the idea of any failure of respect to himself, and the episode was closed by a letter from His Highness to the Rev. D. A. Rees, which deserves to be quoted for its beautiful spirit: 'His Highness asks me

to say in reply that he much appreciates the sentiments which prompted you to write him. His Highness has always recognized that the Christian missionaries in India, with all their loyalty to the teachings and principles of their religion, have been scrupulous in treating with respect the religious convictions of others; and he asks me to assure you that the incident to which you refer cannot, for the above reason, affect the friendly relations which have always existed between himself and the various missionary bodies working with so much self-sacrifice among the people of his State. In view of the sincere expressions of regret which are contained in Dr. Moulton's letter to you, His Highness will gladly treat the whole episode as forgotten so far as he himself is concerned.' For thought and expression this could hardly be excelled; and to my brother it came as an unspeakable relief. It was bad enough to be pilloried as a mischief-maker when he was by nature so much the opposite; but to him it was still

worse that the situation should work out not only to his inconvenience but to the possible detriment of the very work which was so dear to him.

During the early part of August, 1916, my brother was touring, and returned to Bombay on the 16th, to receive the sad news of his son's death at the front—one of those tragic disappointments to high hopes of which the war was so full. Ralph possessed no small amount of inherited ability; and if he did not do as well in his Tripos as might have been expected, it was not from lack of ability, but from a fatal inclination to interest himself in many fields of study instead of concentrating upon a course. He showed his real quality by winning the Whewell Scholarship for International Law in the autumn of 1914. During the long vacation of 1913 and 1914 he had spent his time abroad for the purpose of acquiring French and German, and he was in Germany—at Speyer—when war was declared. He was marched to the frontier, leaving

behind him all his papers, books—everything, indeed, but what he could carry—and bringing away with him moreover a deep abhorrence of the Germans, not for any petty discomforts which he had to bear, but for the nameless abominations which made themselves manifest from the first. After considerable delay he reached England, and a few weeks later was in training, his commission reaching him the same morning as the announcement that he had won the Whewell. For some reason or other he was kept in training in England for upwards of eighteen months, and it was June, 1916, before he crossed to France. He was six weeks behind the lines, then went up to the fighting line, and on the second night was laid low with a piece of shrapnel which tore a rough gash right through his pocket-book and Greek Testament in his breast pocket.

It is curious indeed that a letter should subsequently come from my brother dated August 9, commencing with the words, 'A dream of bad news about Ralph. I

am thankful that my waking hours are not more afflicted with what is so easy a possibility.' For the ninth was the very day when the first telegram reached us that Ralph was missing! We sent no message out to India until the fourteenth, and that was not received until a day or two later owing to my brother's absence from Bombay. When he did receive it he wrote a letter which I will give at length in preference to using any words of my own, the more so as he quotes largely from Ralph's last letter to him.

‘Y.M.C.A., GIRGAUM,

‘*Thursday, August 17.*

‘It is very, very hard to start my journal again; but it has been harder still to prepare a lecture on the Later Avesta, and I must find a few minutes' relief talking about him. I really have in a sense been expecting this blow ever since I knew he had gone. Did any of you happen to see a paper of mine on James's doctrine of Prayer in the *Expository Times*, written

in that blessed little Easter holiday at Hathersage, which marked the end of the old happiness? I pictured two mothers, equally godly, sending their boys to the war, one with a radiant certainty that he would return, and the other with "Father, if it be possible . . ." I never had that certainty, or anything like it, though I was never tempted to a morbid anticipation of the blow before it fell. The dear boy himself cheered me in that memorable ten minutes we got coming back from Bramhall, on August 29 last year. He told me how his mother's passing had affected his inner life; and he said he believed he would come back. It depended upon whether there was work for him here, and that depended on his own worthiness; it was all a question of his personal fitness. That was part of the old introspectiveness coming up again, but it was being replaced very rapidly by a saner and brighter outlook. His letters to me have shown a very happy development throughout this year. It reached its climax in the letter

which he wrote two days after crossing. You would like to read it, and it is comforting to write it down. After some prefatory words, he goes on :

““There is no news at all that I can tell you. I am more glad than I can say to have come out at once from the Base. I had made up my mind to having to stay there for further training. But thanks to the fact that I was coming out to my own battalion I was let off that. A great deal will be expected of me. There is a great deal quite new to learn—I ought really to be reading things up now or poring over a map. And what is more important by far, there is such a moral standard to rise to. I am not at all afraid. I don't think I shall be in action. I am curiously unable to understand the men who are suffering from fright before action ; it seems to be a feeling which isn't in me, at least as yet ; if I should crumple up under heavy fire I do not know. But I have to keep on a high enough level to keep awake all the time, and cool, and

strong ; and to make the men see they have got to do what they are told to when under fire—with men to whom one is quite new—takes some doing. The problem of being sensible is with me a moral, not, as it looks, an intellectual one. I have the faculties, only I can't bring them to bear unless I am in the best of moral training. I am extremely happy, and not at all hysterical, sentimental, or even excited. But I believe I shall be equal to the task. It is a great thing for me, who have always suffered (to use an accurate technical metaphor) from running too much with the clutch out—a great thing for me to be leaving so soon, and taking such a short time for a test which will really set me on my feet and show me where I stand. I hate writing such an egotistic letter, but I can't send news, and I want to let you know from the beginning what I feel like. I shan't be able to write so much later. I shall be too busy, or too tired."

'I cannot realize it now in the least ; and it will be just a long dull consciousness

of a loss, the magnitude of which the past year has indefinitely increased. That has really been the history of the even greater loss with me, and I don't think time has done anything with it. I feel it now in just exactly the way I felt it a year ago. That is, I can be quite calm, and talk and think of other things, as I have had to do even to-day. But all the time there is a void that aches and aches, even while I am talking gaily. In such a way, I take it, the successive losses as life goes on make us readier for the next abiding-place in the endless journey, into which my brilliant and noble boy has gone before his wistful father.'

No wonder that his dear friend, Dr. Rendel Harris, should speak eight months later of 'superior spiritual attractions' as a factor in weakened power of resistance in that open boat.

*Face to Face with Parsism.*

Had the invitation from the Y.M.C.A.

come for work along ordinary missionary lines it would have been welcome to one whose outlook on the world was such as his was, but it is unquestionable that the call to go and see Parsism at first hand and to represent the case for the gospel to Parsis, gave the invitation an immensely added attractiveness; and it may be claimed without undue partiality that no one else had his qualifications for that particular piece of work. His interest in the religion of Zoroaster and the Magi was of no recent growth. As has already been shown, it originated in his Sanskrit studies under Prof. Cowell, and rapidly developed with his increased attention to Comparative Religion. As early as 1890 I find an entry in his diary referring to his having addressed an audience of working men on Zoroastrianism, and prior to that he had given addresses to the Wesley Society and to the St. John's College Theological Society on aspects of the subject. On coming to Manchester he pursued his studies further and further

in that direction, and in 1912 he was recognized to such an extent as an authority that he was invited to give the Hibbert Lectures at Oxford and London during that year on 'Early Zoroastrianism.' During the previous year he had issued a little volume on *Early Religious Poetry of Persia*, containing not only learned exposition but a number of original translations both in prose and verse, and had dedicated the volume: 'In Piam Memoriam, Edvardi Byles Cowell.' He therefore came to the task mapped out for him by the Y.M.C.A. leaders not only with knowledge and with zest, but with a status and a reputation which was known to those whom he was to address. How high this reputation was is shown by the fact that eight lectures on *The Teaching of Zarathrustra*, given by him in Bombay to Parsis, were published both in English and in Gujerati by those to whom they were addressed, on their own initiative. No more eloquent tribute both to his knowledge and to his fairness can be imagined—a situation which could

only be paralleled here if a Hindu scholar came to lecture at the Church House on the historical and philosophical basis of the Apostolical Succession, and the Bishops of the Upper House of Convocation asked to be allowed to publish the lectures !

On many grounds it was necessary for him to walk warily in his intercourse with the Parsis. For one thing, there was the constant risk lest fraternization and appreciation in that sphere should lead narrow and shallow though sincere Christians to imagine that he belittled the great points at issue between the Christian religion and other faiths. A case in point arose immediately on his arrival in India. Let him tell it in his own words, as he described the situation in a home letter. 'Meanwhile came a sensation. Friday evening's paper contained the news of the death of the biggest Parsi in India, Sir Pheroza Shah Mehta, Vice-Chancellor of the University. I saw at once that I must move heaven and earth to get well into the funeral ceremony, which was

likely to be an opportunity I might not surpass if I stayed in India twenty years. So I wrote a note to Dr. Modi, who lives right away in Kalaba, the eastern end of the great bay. Dr. Mackichan sent it off by one of his "boys," who brought back a kind reply and a card inscribed with Gujarati, which was to open sesame on Saturday morning. . . . By 8.15 I was off in my topee and tussore suit, worn for the first time. I was soon on the path up which the bearers bring the corpses, passed a gate inscribed with an English warning against all non-Parsis, and presently found a custodian to whom I presented my card. He and his colleague were extremely obliging. They took me right over the lovely gardens, showed me the model of the towers, and explained how the corpse-bearers lay the body on the place prepared for it, strip off the white covering, and leave the tower. I saw the five towers—one quite small, one only kept for a particular family, two big ones appropriated to two sects into which the Parsis split generations

ago on the momentous question of the right time for intercalating to put the calendar right ! And round the top of the tower nearest to me the vultures were sitting expectant. It was the morning hour of funerals, the other hour being about 5 p.m., and these pleasing big birds know the time of day ! Meanwhile, two small funerals came up and enabled me to see the ritual. First came the six bearers, carrying the body on an iron bier, covered with a cotton sheet. They are clothed in white cotton. Since they are on a job that involves the worst kind of pollution, they have to be put through special purification, and anyhow are a despised caste. Their clothes and the coverings are, of course, specially polluted, and have to be "destroyed"—in theory ! How to destroy them ? Fire, earth, and water must not receive them obviously, and they are put in a receptacle and left. But since there are four or five funerals every day, the accumulation of clothes would be tremendous. So I understand

there is a private rule by which the clothes may be used again after exposure to the sun. If the pollution were microbic an hour in this sun would soon destroy it.

‘ After quite an hour of interesting talk . . . Dr. Modi arrived, a short, white-clad, white-bearded man of 61, with the white turban that marks the priest. He was very cordial. He took me off through the garden, and we watched the coming of the big procession. They were so many that the front came quite close up to the bearers—there ought to be an interval of several feet. They walk two by two, each pair linking together by holding the two ends of a handkerchief. Great numbers of non-Parsis came to pay honour to this very distinguished man, but they all stopped at the gate and went back. The others followed to a place close up to the tower (out of sight for me), and there the face of the dead man was exposed and they filed past to see it. Then it was taken into the tower where only the bearers go. I heard the clang of the iron

gate. The mourners had gathered in the lovely garden where Dr. Modi and I had been sitting. They all turned towards the tower, and repeated from their prayer-books the series of Avestan texts which Dr. Modi went over with me. They then dispersed, washed hands and face and went away.'

I have quoted this in full because it has an intrinsic interest of its own, apart from its personal element; and probably few Westerns have had quite such a privileged position. But within a short time there was an indignant letter in an Indian newspaper—repeated, I believe, in an English religious paper—about a clergyman who no sooner landed than he discarded clerical dress and took part in a Parsi religious service! It is very clear that the reference was to James Hope Moulton; and in a sense the facts were accurate, though the inference was totally false. As Dr. T. R. Glover drily remarked in the *Cambridge Review*, 'There must be more reasons than one for discarding

European clerical dress as soon as one can after landing in Bombay, if one had not been able to before.'

Further, there was the constant risk lest he should be drawn into party controversy on the matters which divide Parsis. When he arrived there was waiting for him an invitation to address the Iranian Association, which represented what may be called the Radical wing, and which is therefore an object of suspicion to the orthodox and the Conservative section. Dr. Modi told him that already some of these advanced men had been appealing to the authority of the Western scholar in support of their contentions; and, of course, there was unquestionably a Radical tendency in my brother's make-up—'some out-crop of original sin,' as he playfully called it—which predisposed him in favour of the Progressives on every issue, Eastern and Western, ecclesiastical and political alike. But he recognized the importance of not allowing himself to be claimed at the outset as a party champion, for that

would have impaired grievously his chance of usefulness; and he readily undertook to postpone any address to a sectional association until he had several times addressed the orthodox 'centre.' In the end the lectures above referred to were translated into Gujarati by one sect and published with annotations by the other—an interesting manifestation upon an entirely new field of that ministry of reconciliation which had so evidently been committed to him.

It is not at all easy to arrive at any very definite idea as to the value of his work among Parsis. His lectures evidently awakened wide and intelligent interest on the part of a community which has exercised an influence altogether out of proportion to its numbers—only about 200,000 in all throughout India. Any who gathered the impression that J. H. Moulton had gone to India to conduct a mission to Parsis were bound to be disappointed in respect of any visible results from the visit, and undoubtedly there had been some

ill-considered references to his tour which might well have awakened some such expectations as to definite conversions. But it is safe to say that any such frontal attack would have been fatal to his influence upon his hearers, who would have resented the suggestion that it was necessary to send a missionary from the West to evangelize *them*, of all peoples in the East. His task rather lay in the direction of expounding to them the nature and the implications of their own faith, as they presented themselves to a Western mind ; and with great faithfulness he performed his task. With the utmost frankness he warned them of the Agnosticism to which so many of them leaned ; and his very exposition of the essence of Zoroastrianism constituted on the one hand an appeal to them to be worthy of a great spiritual inheritance, and on the other a demonstration of inevitable limitations of that and every other faith, except one. It was a type of evangelism which would not have commended itself to some, but it was the

type best fitted for the peculiar field in which he was working, and although it is impossible to form any estimate as to its immediate effects, it is not difficult to see in such advocacy the foundation for the more direct evangelism of a later period.

### *The End*

Throughout my brother's later months in India there had been a blended fear and desire in respect to his home-coming. How much he longed to see those dear to him in England is very clear from his letters, especially at every point where a postponement became necessary; and yet his work, his mission, always came first. 'I thought I was going to see your dear faces in a few weeks, and that cup of joy has been dashed from my lips. But I can see clearly that it is best. I am very unlikely to see India again. I have got the ear of a great many people, and can tell them sometimes what it is good for them to know. I ought not to leave this

world of opportunity lightly, and the cutting off of my work at home seems to be a Providential indication ' (June 12, 1916). But alongside of that wistful longing for home there was the dread consciousness that home was no longer there for him, in the sense in which he had known it. It will be remembered that it was only a few months after his wife's death that he left for India, and he dreaded the prospect of settling down in the old spot with so much to remind him of one who was there no longer in visible form. Writing to Dr. Rendel Harris, he says: ' I shall have to work very hard to keep myself from becoming a recluse when I get home, except for the intolerableness of that house, which may drive me to fill it with voices to drown somewhat the silence eloquent in every room. Time does so little to temper the dread of that home that is home no more.'

By the time that he left India in March, 1917, he was weary and worn. He had worked very hard, and as already has been

noted, he had not made sufficient allowance for the trying character of the Indian climate. But the voyage, and the fellowship on shipboard with Dr. Rendel Harris, much revived him. He had hoped to have his friend in India with him for a time, but the sinking of the *City of Birmingham* on Dr. Harris's outward voyage, thwarted that, for he got no further than Egypt. After numerous letters and cables had been exchanged—half of which never reached their destination—they met at Port Said, and had a week's happy intercourse together before the tragedy came. They knew full well that on leaving Port Said they passed into a danger-zone, because the enemy could operate so easily and effectively from the Syrian coast. One day they passed a raft, and a life-buoy, and a dead body in a life-belt, which was a reminder of what was a possible fate for them any hour of the day or night.

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There is no good purpose to be served

by recalling the details of the tragedy. The last four and a half years have seen so many such occurrences that what needs to be said is only too familiar, and the rest may with advantage remain unsaid. I will content myself with quoting the characteristic letter with which Dr. Rendel Harris made us acquainted with the facts.

‘GRAND HOTEL, AJACCIO, CORSICA,

*‘April 14, 1917.*

‘You will have received the sad news of my first telegram, and will have been waiting and watching for the further information with regard to the passing over of your beloved.

‘I am not able to write a great deal, and much of what I would say must wait until I return, first of all because we were strongly advised not to communicate any details as to the passage of our unfortunate vessel, and second because it is too painful to recall in detail the horrors of the days of exposure and collapse. I think that what operated in his case to diminish his power of resistance was, first of all, physical

weakness, which had shown itself on the way home from India in a violent outbreak of boils on the face and neck, causing him much pain and inconvenience—but on the other side he succumbed to superior spiritual attractions which he felt a long time before the ship was struck. He talked about his dear ones in Johannine language as going over to prepare places for one another, and the spiritual tension was evidently stronger than even strong language expressed. Those on the other side stood to him Christ-wise, saying Christ's words and doing Christ's deeds to him as they had done to one another. Under these circumstances it is not strange that he should have collapsed, but he played a hero's part in the boat.

‘He toiled at the oar till sickness overcame him: he assisted to bale out the boat and to bury (is that the right word?) the bodies of those who fell. He said words of prayer over poor Indian sailors, and never, never complained or lost heart for a moment through the whole of the

three days and more of his patience, though the waves were often breaking over him and the water must have often been up to his middle. He passed away very rapidly at the end, and was gone before I could get to him. His body was lying on the edge of the boat, and I kissed him for you all and said some words of love which he was past hearing outwardly. There was no opportunity to take from his body anything except his gold watch, and one or two trifles, which are in my keeping. I could not search him for papers, indeed, I doubt if he had brought any with him from the ship.

‘During the whole of the voyage his mind was marvellously alert and active. He talked and read and wrote incessantly—and preached on the Sundays. On the way home he had read the whole of the *Odyssey* in the small Pickering edition; and amongst his first remarks to me was his opinion as to the disparity of the twenty-third book with the rest of the poem.

‘One strange and beautiful experience

we shared together with Major —— of the Abyssinian Embassy, who was returning to England. We developed literary sympathies, and one day the conversation turned on “Lycidas.” The major knew it by heart—so did J. H. M., or almost by heart. I was a bad third in the recitation, and when we halted for a passage J. H. M. ran to his cabin and brought his pocket copy of Milton to verify doubtful words with. How little we suspected what was the meaning of our exercise! They laughed at my delight over the sounding sentences, and I had to explain that it made my blood tingle: but we did not know that the amber flow of that Elysian speech had become once more sacramental, and that we were really reciting the liturgy of the dead, that “Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead, sunk though he be beneath the ocean floor.” He had his own “solemn troop” and his own “sweet society” to make him welcome.

‘It is one of our Lord’s sayings that one shall be taken and another shall be left,

and the words lie dormant in meaning long spaces of time—then rise up and smite us in the face. Why was one taken and the other left? Why did that fatal, that “perfidious bark” discriminate between the “sacred head that it sunk low” and the one which was so much whiter to the harvest? But for questions like these there is no answer yet. I would tell you more if I could, but this is all I can say at this present.

‘With deep sympathy,

‘Your friend and his,

‘p.p. RENDEL HARRIS,

‘G. O. INNES.

‘P.S.—*Manu med*: I am so glad to have been with him these days: to have had him to myself, at his very best. So Johannine, and so Pauline! “How Pauline we have become!” he said to me; and twice over he quoted some great lines from Myers’ “St. Paul,” to add to the ordinary Corinthian quotations.’

That characteristic letter evokes many

reflections. How strange a coincidence that it should be 'Lycidas' that occupied his thoughts on the voyage—'Lycidas,' which was the subject of the first article which, as a schoolboy, he wrote for his school magazine, and which was to be so tragically appropriate to his condition within a few hours! But perhaps stranger still is the coincidence afforded by the closing stanzas of his own poem on Vasco di Gama, to which was awarded the Chancellor's Medal in 1885:

So o'er the bosom of the unknown ocean  
Youth spreads her sails before the springing wind,  
Instinct with something of a heavenly motion  
To seek the glory she has left behind,  
And to a world of wandering men and blind  
To bring the light of the supernal Day.  
What though the dark clouds threaten? There  
hath shined  
On the wild waves a star whose kindly ray  
Shall break the gloom, and guide her onward in her  
way.

Alas! and many in those black depths have ended  
Their reckless course, from the wished haven far,  
By the hoarse requiem of the storm attended  
While angels wept their ruin. But the war

Saw the sea stilled, and where the victors are  
Flame yet the radiant trophies that they won  
From their unstoried voyage, and the Star  
Lit their path, brightening till their toil was done.  
Then rent the clouds, and reigned, the One, the  
Eternal Sun.

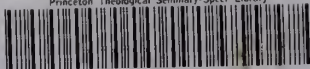
Thus closed abruptly a life of singular richness and usefulness, crowded with activities and full of promise as to greater things ahead. Such a tragedy adds but one more to the melancholy catalogue with which we have of late learned to become only too familiar: and there it must be left. But his memory will ever continue fresh and green in the minds and hearts of those who knew him; and his record will remain not only in the printed page that bears his name, but in the ministry of all those who in one sphere or another were led by him to love truth for its own sake, to love men and women for their own sake, and to pour out life as a sacrificial offering for God's own sake. And no such life, be it long or short, is spent in vain.







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